



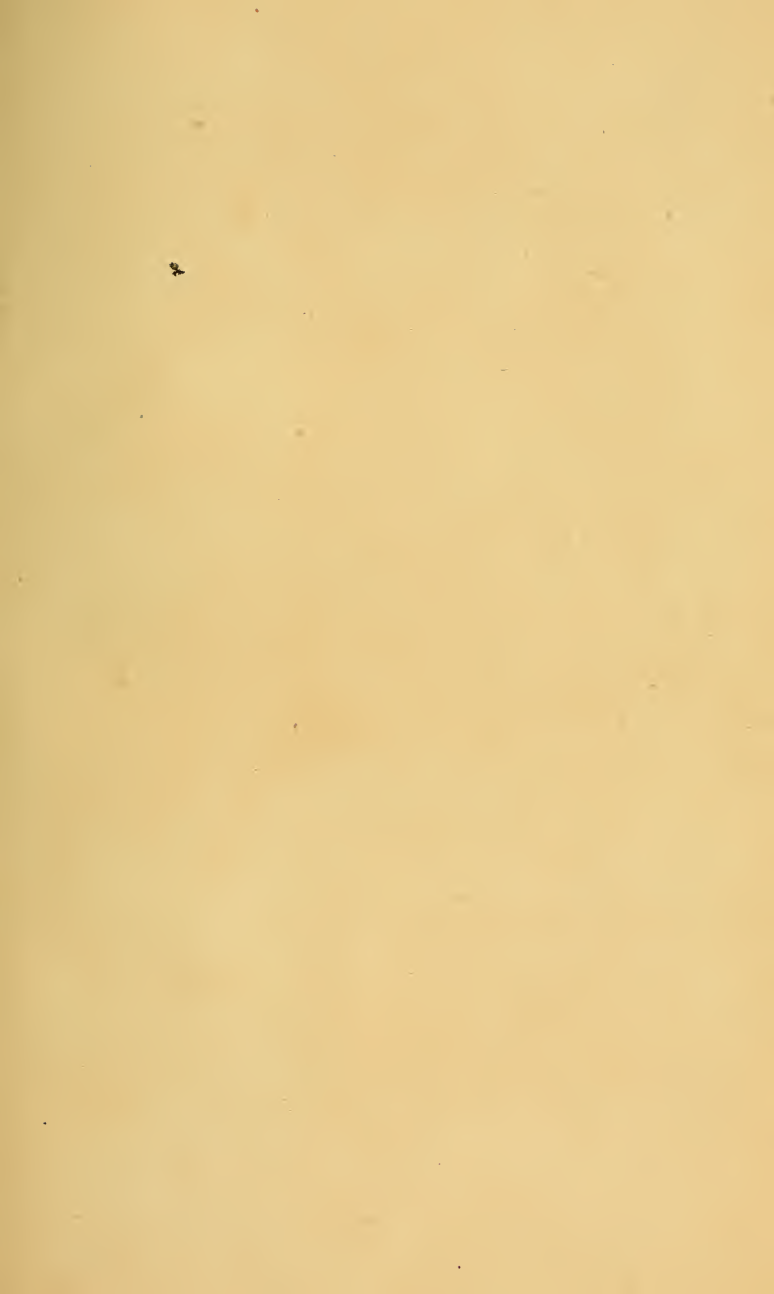


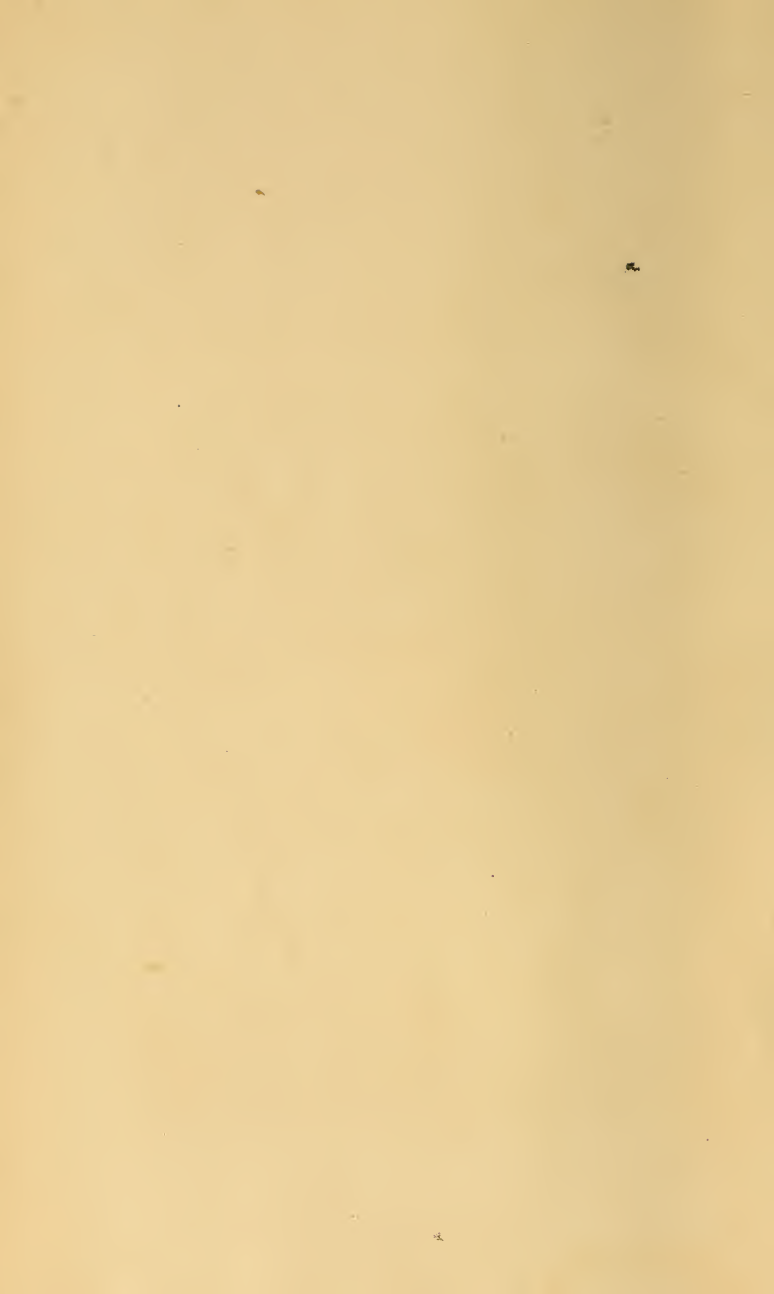
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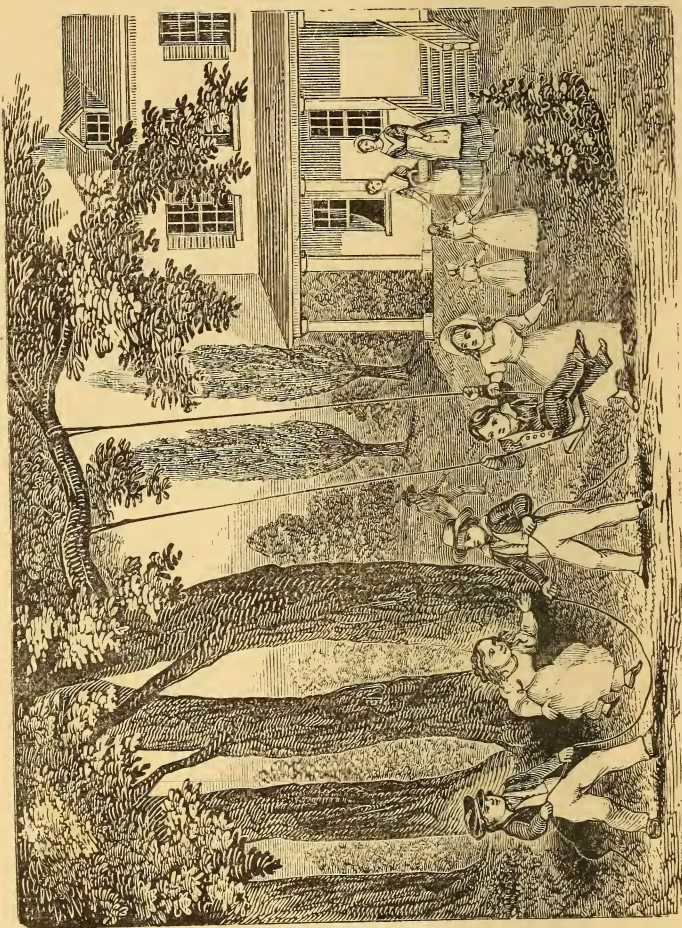












# THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY

A. S. P. *Parshall*



FRIENDS' BOOK ASSOCIATION,

706 ARCH ST.,

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## P R E F A C E.



SOME readers of "The Home Circle" will recognize the first part, published more than thirty years ago under the title of the "Friend's Family."

Enquiries addressed to me having reference to the manner in which Rebecca Stewart spent the money, given to her by her father for the benefit of Sally Davis, I am pleased to be able to answer them, and also to give a few particulars with regard to the marriage of Mary Stewart, which occurred the next spring.

A. S. P.



# THE HOME CIRCLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HOME LIFE.

THE room was a large, old-fashioned looking place, with many doors opening into it. Some were closet-doors; one led into the entry which communicated with the "best end" of the house, one opened upon the porch or piazza, one into a passage leading to the kitchen, and one to a stairway, the space under which made a snug closet for the children, where they put all the articles specially belonging to them, that were in daily use. If you opened this closet, you might at once see that it was owned by a large family; here were slates, books, work-boxes, and blocks, neatly placed upon a low shelf, while on the floor below were ranged in a row more than half a dozen pairs of little boots and shoes, with strings or buttons in order, just ready for the wearers to put on; and there was not a muddy pair among them.

A large old-fashioned settee occupied the west

side of the room ; it was placed between two windows ; and here, when any slight ailment occurred, the children were accustomed to having a little bed, with soft pillows and a coverlet to match, brought down-stairs, so that they might lie where they could be near the mother, and see what she was doing. No music ever sounded sweeter to their ears than mother's favorite hymn—written by Dr. Watts :

“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed ;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently fall upon thy head.”

Is it not a sweet hymn ? Sweetly it sounded to the sick child when chanted by the soft low voice of its affectionate mother. It was almost worth while to be just a little sick that one might be coddled and made much of, particularly when one had no disagreeable medicines to take. The mother's remedies were very simple—for a feverish cold she gave the little one plenty of lemonade ; and if accompanied by sore throat, she gave little pellets of ice, just as much as they liked ; if they coughed a great deal, she gave boiled molasses with butter and vinegar in it ; and if they complained of headache, she gave them nothing to eat until they were hungry enough to relish “cambric tea” with bread and butter. She depended a good deal upon keeping her children quiet and warm, which generally answered ; but if one was really ill, she sent for Dr. T., in whom she



had confidence as a good man, and she obeyed his directions as nearly as she could. The children were all very fond of Dr. T. and welcomed his kindly face.

I must not forget to tell you of another closet, where there were always crackers or bread for the children to eat, and where sometimes, by way of a treat, they found excellent gingerbread, such as sister Mary knew how to make, so that the small people all liked it. Nor must I forget to tell you who lived in this house.

The owner was named Thomas Ellwood Stewart ; he was called Thomas Ellwood after a Friend who lived many years ago, at the same time with William Penn, from whom our State derived its name.

The people of the neighborhood generally called him "Mr. Stewart," but as I am a Friend, I must call him Ellwood Stewart ; not that I mean to be disrespectful, but "Friends" think we ought not to say "*Master*" to any one, because we read in the Bible that we should not call any man our Master, and as "Mr." is merely a corruption of Master, "Friends" do not feel free to use the term.

Ellwood Stewart's wife was named Mary, and his eldest daughter was called by that sweet name; which almost every one loves—partly because it is associated with the mother of Jesus, and partly because it has a pleasant sound.

At the time my story opens, Ellwood's daughter Mary was about twenty-two years of age, and after

her followed a long line of brothers and sisters, Robert, William, Sarah, Henry, Rebecca, Jane, Elizabeth, Martha, and little two-year old Ellwood.

Robert and William were away from home; the former studying medicine in Philadelphia, and the latter a clerk in his uncle's store. Sarah and Henry were at Westtown School, and it was to the five younger children that all the slates, books, work-boxes and shoes in the closet belonged. It was a delightful Seventh-day afternoon in the ninth month, and the children had some of their cousins with them, all playing in the yard. There were a number of fine old trees on the lawn before the house, and every boy or girl stood with his or her back against one of these trees, excepting one, whom they called "Pussy." This one went around begging, "Poor Pussy wants a corner," "Poor Pussy wants a corner," and always received the same answer, "Go to the next neighbor." In the meantime the children at the trees were exchanging places with each other as rapidly as possible. If "Pussy" could get to a vacant tree before the rightful owner, she was entitled to it, while the one to whom it belonged went begging in the same way, until she was dexterous enough to slip into the place of some one else. It is a very pleasant and healthful exercise when played with spirit and good humor.

They were in sight from the door, and the air was ringing with their merry shouts and joyous laughter, when the mother and her eldest daughter brought

their work to sit an hour or two together on the open piazza.

Very precious to both of these was the time they spent together as companions, for they did not expect to be inhabitants of the same house long: the daughter was about to take new duties, new hopes, new pleasures and new cares upon herself, and though it was, of course, her choice to do so, and though she was not going far away, yet her heart clung to the tender mother under whose sheltering love her life had been so happy. She longed to *do* more for, and to *be* more to her mother in return for her loving-kindness; and the more she loved the one to whom she was going, the more she loved those whom she was leaving. She looked at, and listened to the children until her eyes filled with tears, then turning to her mother, said: "Mother, I feel as if I had not been all that an elder sister ought to be, to those dear children. I have not always been patient enough with them. I do not think I have been instructive either by precept or example. Ah, mother dear, what can I do to help thee with them now?"

"Dear daughter," said the mother, "thou *hast* helped me, and I shall always miss thee, and thou must not suppose I shall try to do without thee, although thou art about entering a sphere of more usefulness, and I trust, of increased happiness. Yes, dear, I shall miss thee more than I can say, yet I am glad to have thee marry such an excellent man as

our friend is. It would be a short-sighted selfishness that would always keep thee by my side."

The tears *would* come into Mary's eyes, as her mother spake, and both were quiet for a few minutes. When the mother spake again, she said: "Thou wilt not leave us until spring, my dear child, and perhaps will find time to execute a work that I should have liked to have commenced years ago. Our neighborhood is not one of Friends, and the children see and hear much to counteract home impressions. I do not wish to isolate them, but would like to have some employment for the winter evenings, which might be combined with their religious instruction. We have a great many books; some of the old journals are very interesting, or at least would be if they were not written in such an old-fashioned style, that few children care to read them. Besides this, there are so many cruel and hard things mentioned, that I would rather not familiarize their minds with the details of such sufferings as our early Friends endured. At their tender age, it is likely to create a hardness of heart towards the members of the other sects who persecuted ours with unrelenting bigotry. Wilt thou be willing to sketch a character occasionally from these works? thou hast read them so frequently, that thou wilt be at no loss in finding all that relates to any one particular character, and I think thou canst make it attractive. At any rate we will present the children with truths illustrating the peculiar views of our Society."

Mary's face brightened, and grasping at once the idea, she replied: "Yes, I should like to sketch the characters, though I fancy I cannot improve much on the style of dear old Sewell, who is my favorite among them all. He is charming to me, but I know there is a great deal in his books that it is just as well the children should not read yet. There are many characters which they are fully capable of comprehending. Even Martha can understand that of James Parnell, that poor boy who suffered and died for his conscience' sake before he was as old as our William. When I read those books, and learn how Friends were beaten, imprisoned, fined and punished in the many ways invented by malice, and think how 'we sit at ease in our possessions,' I feel that we do not know or value rightly our own standing. Many of us do that which is pleasing in the eyes of the world, because we do not like to bear the cross which makes us singular.

"It is honorable now to bear the name of 'Friend,' and yet I know that we sometimes shun the cross of our profession, more than when every opprobrious epithet was cast upon us. I like to be called a 'Friend,' but I can hardly bear to be called a 'Quaker,' though I know it really makes no difference."

"Yes, dear, it does make a difference," replied her mother. "'Quaker' was originally applied as a term of disparagement, and we have never quite reconciled ourselves to it. It is just one of the little



daily crosses, not much in itself, perhaps, but if patiently borne, helping us to other things."

"Oh," said Mary, "if I may call it a cross—and it certainly is a cross to my pride—I can use a little resolution and learn to bear it, and watch myself still more, that I may not inflict crosses upon others."



## CHAPTER II.

### IN-DOOR AMUSEMENT.

THE fall of the year is beautiful, and one bright Seventh-day after another came and passed, until Martha became persuaded in her own mind that *all* Seventh-days must be glad and sunshiny. The older children went to school, but she was almost too young for the long walk to the school-house which stood on the far edge of the woods—so that Elly and she were thrown together as playmates, and he was a never-ending source of amusement. He was not quite two years old, and just learning to lisp the words his little sister was so proud to teach him.

The grounds around the house were entirely safe, and as the children piled the fallen leaves of the maple, or drew down the long pliant branches of the willow for whips, or went down into the field to the old chestnut tree, they felt, though they could not express themselves, that existence was a great delight. They used to watch the great flocks of blackbirds which were preparing to go to another country—how they chattered and called and started off to try the wings of the young ones; how they

circled, and wheeled around, and came back to the same tree again ; and how, making a fresh start and flying right overhead, they spread out, and on and on, until their number seemed immense. Sometimes the whole flock would settle upon the ground, hundreds upon hundreds, and before Elly and Martha got near them, they would rise with a loud whirr, and fly away, away out of sight.

And the plays near home. Elly never tired of driving a horse ; before he was a year old, he used to put out his fat dimpled hand to take the reins ; and if allowed to do so, would look as sober as a judge, and try to make a sound, *clck, clck*, like his father, to make Old Grey go faster. Martha used to indulge him by putting a string around her waist, and giving him the ends to hold, while she ran around the yard, pretending to be his horse. Sometimes he would insist upon driving through the house, but on his sister representing that horses did not open doors nor go into people's houses, he generally saw the reasonableness of keeping out.

One day she attempted to put an old hat, which had belonged to her brother Robert, on his head ; but it *would* slip down and bury his head and neck. She pulled it up and placed it farther back, to no purpose, for the least movement of the little wriggler let it down to rest on his shoulders. Elly stood patiently for a time, but finding his sister's efforts in vain, he said, " Nail, nail." The little fellow

could say but one word at a time, and as he had seen that a board could be kept in its place by nailing, he thought the best plan of keeping the hat on his head would be to nail it there.

These bright days drew near their close, the dusk came sooner and sooner, until the weather was so cold that nearly all the birds flew away to a warmer climate: there was one, with bright red back and wings, that was not willing to leave his old home in a thick evergreen where the close leaves kept all the snow away from him. In the evening, about sunset, he would perch upon a post in front of the house, and there wait for his supper to be thrown out, then hop down, pick up the crumbs and fly off to his own snug little nest. The children never saw him in the winter-time, except about sunset, and then they watched. How pretty he was in his scarlet coat, when the snow was on the ground!

Now came a long spell of rainy weather, and after their unrestrained liberty, the little ones scarcely knew what to do with themselves. Elly tied two or three seats in front of an old arm-chair, into which he stepped by means of a stool, and drove his team for an hour or two at a time, greatly to his satisfaction; but Martha was too big to enjoy such a vehicle: she was "six years old last birth-day, and going to be seven when the pears are ripe." Her active, energetic disposition made her very impatient of this in-door life, and she came to her mother's side to ask, "Oh! mother, what *shall* I do?"

“Does not Dolly want a new apron?” said mother.

“No, indeed, mother; she has a clean one on, and I made another this morning.”

“What was thee doing, just now?” asked the mother.

“I was playing with Elly and Lizzy; and as fast as ever I build up a house, Elly knocks it down; and he rubs out everything I draw on the slate; and Lizzy won’t let me touch any of her things. Oh! mother, she is making a lovely bonnet for her Nancy; if I could make bonnets like Lizzy, Dolly should have one too, but Lizzy won’t let me have a single thing. I guess she don’t love me.”

“Oh, yes, she does,” her mother said, “but perhaps thee disturbs Lizzy’s things as Elly did thine; but I think I can find something pleasant for us all. As play does not suit, suppose we try work. Last evening, after my little girl went to bed, sister Mary prepared a pretty patch, ready for her to sew. It is made of Elly’s pink dress, and that green one of thine thee likes so well: it is in the work-box, which I think thee has not opened to-day. Bring that and thy chair.”

Martha obeyed; but her countenance showed that she did not think it any great relief to be obliged to sew, though she dearly liked to sit by her mother. But when her mother said, “Go and ask father if he will read to us,” she brightened up wonderfully, and going to her father’s side, stood quietly by him for a minute, perhaps, before he observed her;



when, turning his kind face, he asked : "What shall I do for my little daughter?"

"Mother said I might ask thee to read to us."

"Did mother send thee? Well, then, I am ready to do so;" and putting up his paper, he came over to his wife and asked what she would like him to read. Mary, in obedience to her mother's look, had already gone for her manuscript, which she handed to him with a blush and a smile. He settled himself in his comfortable arm-chair, and read the title: "SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THOMAS ELLWOOD."

"Oh, father," said Martha, eagerly, "that is about thee, isn't it? does it tell what thee did when thee was a little boy? Shall I tell Lizzy to come? May I tell them all? Father, what did *thee* do on rainy days, when thee couldn't go out?"

"Stop, stop, little girl; don't ask so many questions all in a breath. No, it is not about me, but about the man after whom I was named; that is, I was called Thomas Ellwood because he was called Thomas Ellwood."

"Oh, yes! father, I know; for I was called Martha because dear grandmother Stewart's name was Martha; and Jane was called Jane after grandmother Bruce."

"Yes, that is the way," said the father, "and now thee may call the other children and Nancy, too; I don't know how we are to keep Elly quiet, though."

The fact was, no one liked to interfere much with

Elly's gratifications; he was such a round, roly-poly, curly-headed little fellow, and had such winning ways of his own, that it was hard to keep him under any very strict discipline. The family rules had relaxed a good deal before Elly came, and now he stood in a fair way of being spoiled; only that as he saw the older children always obedient and loving, he naturally followed their example, and was by no means a disagreeable child. In this case, his sister Mary undertook to amuse him with slate and pencil; and soon every one was seated with all appliances for spending an hour in work and reading. If Lizzy had been unable to find a piece of silk to match in her doll's bonnet, or Martha had forgotten her scissors, or mislaid a spool of cotton, it would have been thought a great breach of good manners to have interrupted the reader, or spoiled the enjoyment of the rest of the family, by getting up to go in search of the articles. They had learned this, long ago. And now a reading hour passed quietly and pleasantly to all.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE STORY OF THOMAS ELLWOOD.

**T**HOMAS ELLWOOD was the younger son of a man named Walter Ellwood. The Ellwood family had once been rich; but, owing to many causes, had become poorer and poorer, until the grandfather of Thomas Ellwood, and the father of Walter, retrieved the fallen condition of the family by marrying the only child of Walter Gray, whose name and whose estate passed into the possession of Walter Ellwood.

Perhaps you do not know that, in England, it is the custom for the eldest son of a family to have all the money and lands left by the father when he dies. The oldest brother may spend his time in luxury and idleness, while the others are obliged to work very hard, sometimes, to procure themselves the means of living, even without much comfort. The sisters have small legacies left to them, or are dependent upon the generosity of their brothers. In many families it is not considered gentlemanly to work, and so they put the younger sons into the army, to kill or be killed; or into the navy, where too they are expected to fight; or perhaps they

oblige them to study law or physic; or, worse than all, to study how they may make money by preaching. Does it not seem a dreadful mockery to us, to have the words of life bought and sold? Did not Christ say, "Freely have you received, freely give?"

Thus it was at the time Thomas Ellwood lived, and thus it is even now in England. Ought we not to rejoice that our own lot was cast in a land so different?

Thomas Ellwood was, as I have said, the younger son of an Englishman. He was born in the year 1639, rather more than two hundred years ago. When he was about two years old he was taken to London, where his father resided for some years. It was at the time of civil war. A civil war means a war carried on in a country between its own people, where neighbor fights against neighbor, a man against the companion whose hand he had clasped in friendship a month before—brother against brother, and father against son. All wars are dreadful; but these are the most dreadful.

At such a period as this Thomas Ellwood lived. The king and the parliament were opposed to each other—each with an army. The parliamentary forces overcoming those of the king, reduced him to submission. He was seized and beheaded; his party was enraged, and the whole country bathed in blood. The priests and preachers, instead of telling the people how wicked they were, encouraged them on both sides. On both sides they prayed for vic-

tory, and besought the Lord to look down upon their efforts, to bring ruin upon the enemy: forgetting that he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; forgetting that he said, "Thou shalt not kill:" forgetting all that the meek and lowly Jesus ever taught. Alas! it pains me to tell you of the wickedness which existed in England when the Society of Friends first arose; but you cannot appreciate the beauty and true nobleness of their characters and actions unless you see the adverse circumstances by which they were surrounded. Walter Ellwood was not a Friend: he belonged to the parliamentary side, and took his family to London to be under their protection.

Here he became acquainted with Lady Springett, the widow of Sir William Springett, who died in the service of the parliament. Lady Springett had a little daughter, named Gulielma, with whom Thomas Ellwood spent a great deal of his time. They used to play together, and ride together in a little coach, which her footman would draw about. This is particularly mentioned, because the renewal of his acquaintance with her was the means of his being led towards Friends.

While living in London, the elder brother was boarded at a private school, but afterwards, when the family went to their own home, both he and Thomas were sent to a school about three miles off. Thomas learned very fast indeed; yet he was often whipped, for he was a very mischievous little boy, and it took



him such a little while to get his lessons that his hands would often get him into trouble. He played tricks upon the others, so that he would be whipped two or three times in a single day. Thomas never complained of this. But there are, I think, many other better ways of teaching children to be good. Thomas learned his lessons so fast and so well, that he probably would have made a very good scholar if he had had the proper opportunity. But Walter Ellwood's family being a very expensive one he thought he could not afford Thomas the advantages of a higher school; particularly as the older brother was removed to college, where he was entered as a fellow-commoner, and as such expected to spend a great deal of money. This was acting upon the principle already mentioned, that the younger brother should give place in every respect to the older.

After leaving school Thomas paid but little attention to his books, until after a while he was afraid to read aloud lest he should make some mistake in the pronunciation of a word. He had a great deal of wit and good sense, which enabled him to make himself agreeable to those with whom he associated, and which often drew him into company.

In this way he lived until he was about eighteen years of age, not doing anything worse than wasting his time, as other young men did. One day he was out riding with his father, and they intended going to a neighboring town; but the coachman,



seeing a nearer and better way than the one generally used, turned into it. It ran through a field of grain, but was quite wide enough for the carriage to pass without injuring it. There was a man ploughing not far off; he ran to them; and, stopping the coach, poured forth a shower of reproaches. Walter Ellwood mildly answered, that if any one was to blame it was not him, but the driver, who turned in that way without asking anything about it: but he told the man that he might come into town and he would pay him if there was any damage done. When they arrived in town they were told it was very often used as a road, but the common road was close by, and pretty good too; so they concluded to return by the latter. It was late in the evening when they started, and very dark. The man who had troubled them in the morning got another man to join him to waylay them, expecting they would take the same road home. When they found this was not the case they ran across, and catching hold of the horses' bridles, would not let them go forward. Walter called out to the coachman, asking him why he did not go on. He answered there were two men at the horses' heads. Walter instantly opened the coach door, and, stepping out, expostulated with the men, who were armed with cudgels, and seemed bent upon doing mischief. He told them they were in danger from the law. But finding what he said of no effect, he turned to his son, who had followed him out of the

carriage, saying, "Tom, disarm them." In those days it was the fashion for all those called gentlemen to wear swords. Accordingly Thomas drew his and made a pass at the one next him; but the bright blade frightened the cudgel-bearer, who at once slipped aside, and ran off for safety; while his companion, too much terrified to stand his ground, fled likewise. Thomas followed them, being very much enraged at their insolence; but he could not come up with them, and then concluded they must have taken shelter under some bush. He ran so far that in the darkness of the night he could not find his way back, except by shouting to his father, and his father shouting in return.

At the time, and for a good while after, Thomas Ellwood's only regret was, that he had not come up with these men. But after he became acquainted with the gospel truth, oh! how thankful he felt that he had been preserved from shedding human blood. For though our sins may be forgiven, yet it is one of the most awful recollections that can attend a man through life, that he has robbed a fellow-creature of existence. Nothing but the utmost dependence on the power and mercy of God can reconcile a truly feeling man to himself, when he has hurried into the presence of his Creator one who is doubtless unprepared. All the battles that were ever fought, all the victories ever gained, are not worth the sacrifice of one life. Yet it is a noble deed to venture freely fortune, liberty, honor, and

life, in the service of our Divine Creator. He gave them: shall they not be devoted to him? Did not Jesus Christ bear all things for us? He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" and when cruel men were about to take his precious life, his words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," were the fruit of the gospel spirit of peace, and are an example to all future generations. Legions of angels were at his prayer, yet he submitted to be "led as a lamb to the slaughter." If we follow him, must we not suffer patiently when evil comes upon us? When smitten upon one cheek, must we not turn the other? When reviled, must we not, in obedience to Christ, revile not again?

When these things came before the mind of Thomas Ellwood, his heart was filled with gratitude towards that great Almighty Being who had watched over him, and kept him from committing so great a crime.

It was about a year after this occurrence that Thomas's brother died, and soon after his mother also. He was very much attached to his mother, and her death probably awakened his first serious impressions. Shortly after he went with his father to visit Lady Springett, who had married a second time. Her present husband was Isaac Penington, and she with him and her daughter Gulielma Springett, had joined the Society of Friends. This the Ellwoods heard on their way to visit them. They were at first amazed with their quiet manners,

so different from the noisy, trifling gayety of the upper classes at that day. They felt disappointed of their pleasant visit, but had no opportunity of asking an explanation, as there were other visitors present. Thomas left the others, intending to renew his acquaintance with Gulielma, his little playfellow of former times; and finding her in the garden with her maid, he addressed her, as was usual in that day, with extravagant compliments. But though she treated him with politeness, there was so much quiet dignity about her that he felt abashed at his own flippancy, and wanted assurance enough to carry him through; so asking pardon for his boldness in intruding on her private walks, he withdrew. They stayed to dinner and then returned home, not very much pleased with their visit, yet uncertain where to find fault.

This visit had one good effect on Walter Ellwood's mind. He was a magistrate, and frequently had Friends brought before him and complained of because they would not take oaths as other people did. When he found that his friends, persons for whom he had a great respect, held the same opinions, he felt disposed to deal with them as gently as the law would admit.

A young man who lived in Buckinghamshire came one First-day to a town called Chinner, not far from the residence of the Ellwoods, having something to say to the minister of that parish. Being somewhat acquainted with the young man, Thomas

went to hear him. He stood in the aisle before the pulpit all the time of the sermon, not speaking a word until it was ended, and then spoke a few words to the priest, of which all that Thomas could hear was, "That the prayer of the wicked is abomination to the Lord," and that "God heareth not sinners." He said more than this, however, though Thomas did not hear what it was; but he was interrupted by the officers, who took him before Walter Ellwood. When Thomas found they were going to take him there he hastened home to tell his father about it before the party should arrive, and mentioned that the man behaved quietly and peaceably, not speaking at all until the minister had done preaching, and then what he said was short, and delivered without any passion or ill language.

Accordingly, the officers soon made their appearance, bringing the man with them, and charging him with making a public disturbance. Walter Ellwood asked them when he spoke; they answered, "When the minister had concluded." He asked what words he used: this they could not agree in. He then asked if he had used any reviling language, and finding he had not, he dismissed the case, counselling the young man against making any trouble.

In the tenth month, 1659, the Ellwood family paid another visit to the Peningtons. Walter being desirous of acquainting himself with Friends' principles they stayed several days, and as a Friends'



meeting was appointed in the neighborhood they were invited to attend, which they did. This meeting was held in the large hall of an old house which once belonged to a gentleman, but was now used as a farm-house. It was named the Grove. Here were several Friends, but none spoke except Edward Burrough. Thomas Ellwood was sitting next him, and drank in his words with avidity, for they not only reached his understanding, but warmed his heart. After the meeting concluded Edward Burrough went home with the Peningtons. The evenings were long; and the servants of the family being Friends, were called in, and after sitting a while in silence, Edward Burrough spoke again. But Walter Ellwood not agreeing with him, raised some objections. James Nailor, who was there, then took the subject up and spoke with such a clear understanding of it, that Walter had nothing more to say. James and Edward then gently dropped the argument, and they all withdrew to their respective chambers.

In the morning, Thomas, his father and younger sister prepared to return home; the older one (for he had two) had gone on to London from the Peningtons'. All the way Thomas, who rode behind the coach on horseback, could hear his father and sister conversing pleasantly together, but he could not join with them, for his heart felt sad and very heavy, though he knew not what ailed him. They reached home that night, and next day Thomas went to hear the minister at Chinner



preach ; the last time, as he says, he ever went to hear one.

He now felt very desirous of attending a Friends' meeting, and got his father's man to inquire if there was any in the neighborhood. He heard of one about seven miles off, which Thomas concluded to attend ; but as he did not like to be seen going to a Friends' meeting, he took his greyhound with him, as if he went out coursing.

When he came to the place and had put his horse up at an inn, he was at a loss where to go, and not wishing to inquire at the inn, he went into the street. Here he had not been long before he saw a man riding up that he remembered having met at Isaac Penington's, and followed him, concluding he was going to meeting, as indeed he was. Thomas followed him into the house and sat down on the first empty chair he came to ; some of the people looking at him, for he was fashionably dressed and had his sword by his side. . . . Samuel Thornton, who was present, spoke, and his words were very suitable to Thomas's case, so that he felt as if they were directed to him. When the meeting was over, he got his horse and hurried home, that his father might not notice his absence.

This last meeting confirmed the feelings awakened at the first, and he became sensible that he too had a place to fill, an allotted part to perform. His general trouble and confusion beginning to wear off, he saw that though he had mercifully been preserved

from many evil things, yet the spirit of the world had hitherto ruled in him, and led him into pride, vanity, superfluity, and flattery. Now he found he must not only abstain from indulgence in these things, but he must bring his very thoughts into subjection, knowing no guiding power save that new law, the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. He felt he must first "cease to do evil," and then "learn to do well."

In those days, such as were called gentlemen dressed in lace, ribbons, buttons, and rings. Their apparel was very gay and very inconvenient; their shoes were made with long points turned up, and fastened to the knee by ribbons; their clothes were trimmed with lace, and their hair worn in long ringlets. These things, in which Thomas had taken much delight, he was now forced to lay aside; not that Friends adopted any singular costume; they retained that of the times, merely leaving off those parts which were of no use. The great Creator has not ordered us to wear a bonnet or hat of this shape, or a coat of that color. He says, "Give me thy heart," and if we think we can give him our hearts, and yet give all our attention to the adorning of our persons, we shall find that this is impossible. If our hearts are truly turned towards the Lord, it matters but little how the body is arrayed, so that it is neat, clean, and decent. When the earlier Friends first associated together, persecution after persecution rolled upon them like the waves of the sea; and to

minds so engaged as theirs must have been, necessary clothing and necessary food must have been all that was needed.

It is the mark of a mind unused to being filled with more important matter, to be much occupied with this comparatively trivial subject. We find people who value themselves upon dressing plainly even when they wear costly stuffs. It appears to me that sometimes when a soul capable of noble things, becomes debased by the love of finery, our Creator, willing to test our obedience, requires us to adopt a particular mode in order to convince our own minds which we love best, our own selfish gratification, or obedience to the intimation revealed to us above. If we feel so convinced, let us at once endeavor to crush all opposition to his will, being assured it is for our own peace best that we should do so.



## CHAPTER IV.

### STORY OF THOMAS ELLWOOD CONTINUED.

**B**UT to return to Thomas Ellwood. When he divested himself of his ornaments, which his father took, telling him he would keep them for him until he came to his reason again, he found there was yet more for him to give up—which was his character as a polite gentleman.

It was the fashion to bow, sometimes sinking on one knee, and to use the terms of “my master,” “my lord,” “my dame,” “your servant,” and many others; and he who omitted them was considered as rough and ill-bred. Thomas being no man’s servant, could no longer imply he was, without violating the truth. And these principles made the friends different in dress and address from any other persuasion whatever. Thomas felt that he could do all that was required of him, except change his manner towards his father: yet he had learned there was one nearer and dearer than even his father, for whose sake he had put his hand to the gospel plough, and should he now turn back?

While his mind was in this state his father sent him to Oxford to attend to some business for him,

and to bring him an account of what was going on. Thomas felt it almost impossible for him to go, as he should meet with many of his young comrades there. But as he had never resisted his father's will, he could not do so now. He did not attempt to make any excuse; but ordering his horse to be got ready very early in the morning he went to bed. Here, as he lay upon his pillow, there was a great struggle in his breast. He began to think how he should behave in court, and how he should despatch the business upon which his father sent him. He had been accustomed to meet with many gentlemen there, and to be very merry with them; now he could not pull off his hat—he could not bow—nor could he address them in the customary manner. He therefore prayed earnestly that he might be preserved through all the temptations of the day, and his mind becoming more easy he fell asleep.

Next morning he felt calm and quiet, yet afraid he should say something he ought not; for he had been so accustomed to complimentary phrases without any meaning, that it was much more easy to say them than to remain quiet. As he rode along he prayed again, “Oh, my God, preserve me faithful, whatever may befall me. Suffer me not to be drawn into evil, how much soever scorn and contempt may be cast upon me.”

When he arrived at Oxford he put up his horse and went directly to the hall where the sessions were held, and had been there but a short time be-

fore a little group of his acquaintance seeing him, came up to speak to him. One of these was a scholar in his gown, another a surgeon of the city, the third a country gentleman whom Thomas had long known. When these came up they all saluted him in the usual manner, pulling off their hats, bowing, and saying "Your humble servants, sir," expecting, no doubt, that he would do the same. But when they saw him standing still, moving neither cap nor knee, they looked at each other, much surprised, and without speaking. At length the surgeon, who stood near him, clapped his hand upon his shoulder, and smiling, said, "What! Tom, a Quaker?" To which he readily and cheerfully answered, "Yes, a Quaker;" and as the words passed from his mouth he felt great joy spring up in his heart, that he had strength given him to confess himself one of those despised people. They stayed not long, but taking their leave in the same ceremonious manner, departed.

After they were gone he walked about the hall, and went up nearer the court, to observe what justices were on the bench, and what business they had before them. He went in fear, not of what they would or could do to him, but lest he should be surprised into saying something which he ought not. It was not long before the court adjourned for dinner, and that time Thomas took to go to the clerk of the peace. As soon as he came to the room where he was, the clerk met and saluted him, and though he



appeared somewhat startled at Thomas's carriage and behavior, he made no remark, but behaved very respectfully to him.

After concluding his father's business he withdrew, intending to return home. But on looking into the street from the inn where he had left his horse, he saw three justices standing in the way where he was to ride; and this brought a fresh concern upon him. He was pretty sure they would stop him to inquire about his father, and feared they would not let him off. This doubting led him to contriving how he should go out without being seen, and as he knew the city pretty well, he thought of a back way. Yet this did not seem right, and he stood a good while, hoping the justices would walk off, but they still continued there. At last he persuaded himself to go the back way, which brought much trouble and grief on him, because he shunned the cross. His suffering was so great that he then felt willing to yield in all things, except his deportment towards his father, and thought it might be right to make a difference between him and other men in this respect. When he came home he went to his father bareheaded, to give him an account of his business, and, behaving as usual, Walter found no fault with him.

Thomas was very desirous of going to meetings, and of visiting friends; but as he had no horse of his own, and felt unwilling to use his father's, when he knew the latter would object, he thought it would be better to borrow one of an acquaintance, who

wished to sell it, or have it kept for its work. Accordingly he despatched his father's man to get the horse and bring him over. The next day Thomas concluded to go to Isaac Penington's, and, rising very early, got ready. Desirous of paying all due respect to his father, he sent a person up-stairs to tell him where he was going, and to ask if he had any commands. Walter sent down for his son, wishing to see him before he started. Thomas went up to his father's bedside, who said, "I understand you have a mind to go to Mr. Penington's." "I have," said Thomas. "Why," said the father, "I wonder you should; you were there, you know, only a few days ago. Don't you think it will look oddly?" Thomas answered that he did not think it would. His father replied, "I doubt you will tire them of your company, and make them think they will be troubled with you." "Oh!" said Thomas, "if I find anything of that sort I will make the shorter stay." "But can you propose any sort of business there," said his father, "beyond a mere visit?" "Yes," Thomas replied; he not only proposed to see them, but to have some conversation with them. His father then said in a harsher tone, "I hope you don't incline to be of their way?" "Truly," said Thomas, "I like them and their way very well, so far as I understand it; and am desirous of going to them that I may understand it better." Thereupon Walter Ellwood began to reckon up as many faults as possible against the Quakers; telling his son they

were a rude, unmannerly people; that they would not give civil respect or honor to their superiors; no, not even to magistrates; and that they held many dangerous principles. To all these charges Thomas could only reply they might be misrepresented, as the best of men had been. After a little more conversation Walter told his son he wished he would not go so soon, but take a little time to consider it, and that he might visit Mr. Penington's afterwards. "Nay, sir," said his son, "pray don't hinder my going now; for I have so strong a desire to go that I do not well know how to forbear." As he said these words he retreated quietly to the chamber door; then hastening down-stairs he went immediately to the stable, and finding his horse ready, started at once, fearing his father would send him word he must not go.

This discourse detained him a while. The roads being bad, and his horse not very good, it was afternoon before he reached Isaac Penington's. The servant who came to the door told Thomas there was a meeting in the house. He hastened in; and, knowing the rooms, went directly to the little parlor where the Friends were seated in silence. When the meeting was ended, and those who were strangers had withdrawn, Isaac Penington and his wife received their guest very courteously; and not knowing he had been under exercise, evinced no unusual cordiality. But when they came to see a change in

dress, gesture, speech, and manner, they were exceedingly kind and tender towards him.

Thomas spent that evening with them, conversing very little ; but, as he says, feeling great satisfaction in being still and quiet, his spirit being drawn near to the Lord. Before he went to bed they told him of another meeting to be held next day, not far from there, which some of the family expected to attend. Of this he was very glad, particularly as it was on his road home. Of this meeting Thomas said, "A very good meeting was this in itself, and to me. Edward Burrough, a noted Friend, and one who afterwards sealed his testimony with his blood, was present and spoke with life and power. Thomas was not only confirmed in his religious views, but some things were opened to his mind which he had not seen clearly before. So true it is, that as we continue faithful, more and more light is given unto us, even until we come to the perfect day.

Several Friends who were there noticed him as one whom they had met before, and invited him home with them ; but Edward Burrough going to Isaac Penington's drew him thither again. He felt as if it would do him good to ride with Edward, hoping that he would offer him some encouragement in his new path ; but he, seeing that the right spirit was at work in Thomas's bosom, gave him no opportunity of pouring forth doubts, fears, and questionings. For he was sensible that the guidance of the Good Spirit in ourselves is what we must

attend to, and that no man, however capable, can teach us as the Holy Spirit. Edward was naturally of a free and open temper, and afterwards was very familiar and affectionate with Thomas, yet now he thought it right to show him only common kindness.

The next day they parted, Edward for London, and Thomas for his own home, under a great weight and exercise of spirit. He now saw that he had not been clear in his reasonings respecting his father. He saw that the honor due to parents did not consist in bowing the body or uncovering the head, but in a ready obedience to their lawful commands, and in performing all needful services unto them. So he plainly saw that he could no longer continue his former mode of manifesting respect, without drawing on himself the guilt of wilful disobedience.

On his way home he was much troubled, for he thought of his father's anger and of the severities which would be heaped upon his head; and then he prayed that he might be preserved through temptation, and enabled to bear all that might be inflicted on him. When he got home he expected a rough reception, but his father was abroad. He sat down in the kitchen, and keeping silence, prayed that the Lord might preserve him from falling.

After some time, he heard the coach drive in, which put him in such a fear that a shivering came over him. But by the time Walter had alighted and come in, he had somewhat recovered himself. As



soon as Thomas saw him, he rose and advancing a step or two towards him, still keeping his hat on, he said, "Isaac Penington and his wife remember their loves to thee." Walter Ellwood stopped abruptly, and observing that his son stood covered before him, and that he used the word "*thee*," with a stern countenance and a tone which indicated great displeasure, said, "I shall talk with you another time," and then hastily walked into the parlor, so that Thomas did not see him again that night. He foresaw there was a storm arising, but the peace he felt in his own mind was more than a recompense, though it grieved him much to offend his hitherto kind parent.

There was to be a meeting next day at Oxford, and Thomas feeling a great desire to attend, ordered his borrowed horse to be got ready early in the morning in order to go to it. He was anxious to consult his father's feelings as much as possible, and after he was ready, desired his sister to go up to his father's chamber and tell him that he was going to Oxford, and wished to know if he had any commands. His father sent a message to him not to go until he came down, and getting up immediately, he hastened down, partly dressed. When he saw Thomas standing with his hat on, he was so transported with rage that he struck him with both fists, and plucking his hat off, threw it away. Then stepping hastily out to the stable and seeing the borrowed horse standing saddled and bridled, he



inquired whose it was. His man telling him, he said, "Then ride him back and tell Mr. —— I desire he will never lend my son his horse again unless he brings a note from me." The poor fellow, who was fond of his young master, did not like to carry this message, and was disposed to make excuses or delays; but Walter was positive in his commands, and would not let the man eat his breakfast nor go out of his sight, until he mounted the horse and rode off. Then coming in, he went upstairs to finish dressing, thinking his son safe enough at home—as he was not very fond of walking.

Thomas seeing the horse go off, understood how matters went, and being very desirous of going to the meeting, changed his boots for shoes and got another hat. He also told his sister, who loved him dearly, and whom he could trust, where he was going, and, slipping out privately, walked seven long miles to meet some Friends. After he had started, he could not help thinking that perhaps it was wrong in him thus to steal away from his father, and he stood still a while, not knowing whether to go back or forward. Fear of offending his father would have turned him back, while the desire to be with Friends impelled him forward. He thought within himself, how could that feeling be of the Lord if it induced him to disobey his father? Yet he was conscious that it was not in his own will, nor with intention to give his father pain. Thus he went on reasoning, until the passage of Scripture—"Children,

obey your parents *in the Lord*," occurred to him, after which he went on more cheerfully, and was received with great kindness and tenderness by the Friends there.

After Thomas left home, his father, supposing him to have gone up to his chamber, made no inquiry about him till evening. The weather was very cold, and he and his daughter were sitting comfortably together by the fire, when he said to her, "Go up to your brother's chamber and bring him down; it may be he will sit there else, in a sullen fit, until he has caught cold." "Alas! sir," said she, "he is not in his chamber, nor in the house neither." "Why, where is he then?" said the father, starting up in alarm. "I know not," said she, "where he is, sir; but I know that when he saw you had sent away his horse, he put his shoes on and went out on foot, and I have not seen him since. And indeed, sir, I don't wonder at his going away, considering how you used him." Walter had not foreseen this firmness in one who was wont to obey every intimation of his father's will, and fearing he would never return, he poured forth his lamentations so loudly that the family could hear him. He went to bed immediately, where he passed a restless night, bemoaning himself, and grieving over his son. Next morning his daughter sent a man to find her brother, and give him this account, entreating him to return home as soon as possible; yet in case he should not return, she sent fresh linen for his use.

Thomas was very sorry for his father's uneasiness, and would have returned home that evening after meeting; but the Friends persuaded him to stay, saying, the meeting would probably end late, and that the days were short, and the road long and muddy. Besides which, one of the Friends there, promised to go home with him and talk with his father. This was doubtless intended in kindness to Thomas, but it appears to have been ill judged.

The next day Thomas went home, accompanied by this Friend; and as they drew near the place, they planned that Thomas should go in the back way and seat himself in the kitchen, while the Friend should desire to see his father, and take that opportunity of expostulating with him. When Walter Ellwood heard that some one desired to speak with him; he went into the hall, and was much surprised at finding a Quaker waiting for him there. Yet not knowing on what account he came, he stayed to hear his business; and when he found it concerned his own son, he fell on him very sharply, probably considering it a piece of great impertinence in a person who had been instrumental in misleading his son, to offer him any advice respecting his treatment of that son. Turning away from the Friend, he went into the kitchen, and there found Thomas standing with his hat on his head. Heated with his conversation, he seemed to forget that this was the son over whom he had so lately mourned as lost; and his grief turning to anger, he could not

contain it, but running passionately towards him, he snatched off his hat and threw it away ; then striking him on the head he ordered him to go up to his own chamber. Thomas obeyed, and his father followed him, giving a blow every few steps ; as he went through the hall, the Friend who came with him could see how little his untimely interference between father and son had mended matters.

Was it not strange that Walter Ellwood should become so enraged at his son, merely because he kept his hat on before him ? But this shows that in those days men had made an idol of that kind of respect, rendering it incumbent upon Friends to bear a faithful testimony against it by suffering fines, imprisonments, and cruel beatings, rather than bow down to this idol. Any one thing upon which we improperly set our hearts, becomes an idol to us. If we love and value it more than we do our Creator, we worship it. This we must not do, or we become as blinded as the poor heathen who “bow down to wood or stone.” Any feeling of pride, or vanity, or self-importance, which stands between us and our Creator, has become an idol, and we are bound to destroy that feeling or reduce it to subjection.

Many, very many children and grown people, who call themselves Christians, would find they had idols, if they would strictly examine their own hearts.

It does not appear to me to be of any great consequence in itself, whether a man pulled his hat off

merely by way of salutation or not. But when the custom had grown to be an idol, it was of great consequence to break it. We ought to respect and venerate those persons who suffered so much upon this account.

Walter Ellwood was so determined that his son should not wear his hat in his presence, that after snatching it off his head, he would not give it to him again, but put it aside where it would not be found. Thomas then put on another hat, which his father soon tore violently from him ; so that he found himself obliged to go bareheaded, for the want of hat or cap. This occurred in the eleventh month ; and the weather being very severe, he caught a heavy cold, so that his head and face swelled very much, and his gums became so sore that he could put nothing in his mouth but liquids. His kind sister waited on him, and did everything she could for his relief, but his father did not seem to feel much pity for him.



## CHAPTER V.

### STORY OF THOMAS ELLWOOD CONTINUED.

THOMAS ELLWOOD was very much of a prisoner that winter ; for he could not go about the country without a hat, and his father took care he should not have the means of getting one. So he spent the time in his chamber, reading the Bible, and silently waiting on the Lord. Doubtless it was excellently spent in learning to bear the cross.

Whenever he had occasion to speak to his father, he offended him by saying "*thee*" or "*thou*." At one of these times, after beating him, and commanding him to go to his chamber, which he usually did when affronted at him, Walter followed him to the foot of the staircase, and giving him a parting blow, said : " If ever I hear you say '*thee*' or '*thou*' to me again, I will strike the teeth down your throat." Thomas was greatly grieved to hear his father utter these passionate words ; and turning to him, he calmly said : " Would it not be just for God to serve thee so, when thou sayest *thee* or *thou* to him ?" His father's hand was up to strike him again, yet it sunk, and his countenance changed at these words, so that he turned away. Then Thomas went up into



his chamber and prayed to the Lord, earnestly beseeching him that he would be pleased to open his father's eyes, that he might see whom he fought against, and for what ; and that he might be pleased to turn his heart.

For some time after this, Walter said nothing to Thomas and gave him no occasion to speak to him. But this calm was not of long duration, for another storm occurred soon after.

In his younger years, and more especially while he lived in London, his father had been in the habit of attending the meetings of the Puritans, and had stored up a stock of Scripture knowledge. He sometimes, but not frequently, caused his family to come together on First-day evening to hear him expound a chapter and pray. The family was now very small. His wife and oldest son were both dead ; his eldest daughter was in London, and he kept but two servants. It so happened that one First-day evening, he bid his daughter, who sat in the parlor with him, to call the servants in to prayer.

Perhaps this was intended as a trial to Thomas ; at any rate it proved one : for the servants, loving their young master, did not go in until they were sent for a second time. This offended Walter : and when they went in, instead of going on with the evening exercises, he asked them why they had not come in at first ; and the excuse they gave only heightened his displeasure. He said, " Call in that fellow " (meaning his son) : " he is the cause of all

this." The servants hesitated to obey; for they were sure the blame would all fall upon him. But Thomas, hearing his father, went in without waiting for them. His father showered out reproaches against him, using sharp and bitter expressions; until Thomas was induced to say, "They that can pray with such a spirit, let them; for my part I cannot."

This so enraged Walter, that he not only struck him with his fists, but, getting his cane, he struck him with it so violently, that Thomas raised his arms to protect his head from the blows. The manservant stepped in between them; and, catching the cane in his hand, held it fast; which made the father still more angry, if possible. Thomas perceiving this, bade the man let go his hold, and go away; in doing which, as he turned he received a blow on his own shoulders. But now the sister interfered; and, begging her father to forbear, she declared if he did not, she would throw open the casement and call for help; for indeed she was afraid he would murder her brother. This stopt his arm; and after some threatening speeches, he told Thomas to go to his chamber; whither he always sent him, when displeased. His sister followed him, and dressed his arm, which was much bruised and swollen, and the skin was broken in several places. Yet he felt that peace and quiet in his own mind which far overbalanced all his sufferings. His father, too, seemed to have exhausted himself in this last burst

of passion, for he never treated him so severely again.

His older sister returned from London soon after this, and her love for Thomas induced her to pity rather than despise him, though she had imbibed a great dislike for the Quakers generally. The winter passed away slowly as it seemed to Thomas, who was taking his first lessons in the school of affliction; but spring had some consolation in store for him, in the shape of a visit from his friends, Isaac and Mary Penington. His father had a great regard for the latter, with whom he had been so well acquainted when she bore the name of Lady Springett. In conversation with her after her husband and she had joined Friends, but before Thomas Ellwood had, she told him how cruelly Isaac's father had used him because he would not pull off his hat. This Walter seemed surprised to hear, and condemned, as not only wicked but absurd. He little thought how soon he would imitate the conduct he professed so heartily to despise. Mary reminded him of this, and tried by every means in her power to soften his displeasure towards his son. It availed little, however, and seeing how very uncomfortable the son seemed, she begged he might be permitted to return home with her. This Walter resisted as long as he could; being unwilling probably to have his son go with Quakers: but at last consented to the proposal if Thomas wished it. Thomas was very willing to go, but he had no hat; and being about to get into the coach

without one, his sister whispered to her father, asking if she might not get one for him. He told her she might; while she ran into the house to get it, he conversed with Isaac and Mary, who were already seated: but when he saw the sister coming with the hat, he took leave of them abruptly, and went in, fearing the hat would be put on before him.

Thomas was not allowed any money to take with him, and his father had taken from him every article that would do to sell. But he was going among kind friends, and needed nothing they did not provide for him. He stayed six or seven weeks very happily at the Grange, which was the name of the place upon which the Peningtons lived; and then feeling it would be right, Thomas concluded to return to his own home again.

When he arrived there his father treated him more kindly, although Thomas persisted in wearing his hat even at the table. Indeed, Walter was wearied out with opposition, and after this avoided seeing Thomas as much as possible, though he treated him more respectfully when forced to notice him. One reason of this may have been, that if he should ever wish to sell his estate (which seemed likely), his son's consent would be necessary. He also intended going up to London; and as Thomas would be left at home, they would not meet for a long time. So he was permitted to make just such use of his time as pleased him best: and he spent a great deal of it in going to meetings. He had no horse to ride, and

often waded ankle-deep in the mud. His father once or twice tried to lock the doors, so that he should not go out, but there was generally a back-way unguarded, so that he could slip off without any words passing between them. His sisters were very kind to him, and though they could not think as he did, they saw he was sincere, and endeavored to mitigate their father's anger as much as possible.

After his father and sisters went up to London, which they did when Thomas was about twenty-two years old, leaving him at the old house with no one but the housekeeper, he was taken with the small-pox, which he had very badly indeed. When the Friends heard of it, they sent a nurse to take care of him. Under her care he soon got better, but was not able to go out for a long time. Feeling very lonely, he commenced a course of reading in order to occupy his mind until he could go out of the house; but his sight being very weak from his late illness, he soon impaired it so much, that he was forced to give up his studies. No sooner was he able, than he hastened to Isaac Penington's, and here he became more sensible of his want of general information than he had ever been before.

The society Thomas met with at Isaac Penington's soon occasioned him to feel his own deficiency; and, speaking earnestly upon this subject to Isaac, the latter offered him all the assistance in his power. He was acquainted with an eminent physician in London, named Paget; and Dr. Paget was a friend



of John Milton. Milton's sight was entirely gone and he usually employed a person, generally a gentleman's son, to read to him. This was the situation that Isaac Penington wished for Thomas Ellwood ; knowing that Milton had access to the best works which were published, and that his comments and remarks would be very useful in forming a young person's taste. This was procured by the mediation of Dr. Paget, and Thomas, going up to London, availed himself of it, by reading aloud to Milton certain hours every day. In order to support himself, he dismissed the servant, and sold all the provision left in the house.

Milton perceiving Thomas's earnest desire to learn, gave him much encouragement and assistance, and taught him the proper pronounciation of his Latin words. He had a very quick ear, and could tell by the tone, whether his pupil understood what he was reading ; and if he did not, would stop him and explain the difficult passages. In this way Thomas went on for some time, studying in the forenoon, and reading to Milton in the afternoon. But his health, probably not yet fully established after his illness, gave way, and he was obliged to leave town just as he was becoming sensible of some improvement. He went into the country, where he remained some time and was very ill ; but by nursing and care, he recovered again. His father sent him enough money to pay the expenses of his illness.

As soon as he was well enough, he resumed his



attendance on Milton, who was glad to receive him. Scarcely was he at his learning again, before he, with many other Friends, was taken up on a pretended suspicion of being concerned in a plot against the government. They were kept in prison several months, but not under a very rigid treatment, for they were often allowed to absent themselves for a day or two, giving their words to be back at the appointed time.

This shows that, with all their prejudices against the Friends, the officers of government placed dependence upon their words. Indeed, it often happened, that a jailer, finding it inconvenient to accompany his prisoners from one jail to another, would start them off by themselves; merely requiring their promise that they would be at the place at the appointed time, if nothing prevented: and to their honor be it said, this confidence, we have reason to think, was never abused.

After Thomas Ellwood was discharged from prison, which he was without question or trial, he waited upon Milton again, but thought it better not to recommence his reading until he saw Isaac Penington.

Isaac was in poor health, so that he was confined to his chamber; and being very anxious about his children, he asked Thomas if he would take charge of their education until another teacher could be procured. To this plan Thomas consented, being unwilling to refuse so small a favor to one who had so often stood his friend; and he soon found he was

improving himself as fast by teaching the children, as he could have done, even under Milton's tuition. Isaac Penington appearing to be well satisfied, Thomas continued with the family, as tutor to his children, for seven years; indeed, until he married.

While at the Grange, his father came down to see the Peningtons, and he behaved very civilly to Thomas, inviting him to London, to see his sisters, who were both married and had settled there. Thomas accordingly went, and stayed a short time with them; but returned again to the Peningtons, who had their share of hardship. The family was entirely broken up at one time: Isaac in one prison, Thomas in another, and the other members all scattered. When this persecution passed over, how happy did they feel to meet in their own pleasant home again—father, mother, children, and friends, all together once more.

Gulielma Springett was a very lovely young woman; and a great many persons who admired, would have liked to marry her. But she refused one proposal of the kind after another, until some of them said, it must be because she intended to marry Thomas Ellwood, who was always there, and had every opportunity of pleading his cause. Thomas admitted that he did admire her very much indeed; but he thought such a marriage would not be agreeable to her mother, and he felt bound in honor not to attempt to create any other interest in her bosom, but that which might be felt by a dear and gentle sister.

In sixteen hundred and sixty-five, a great pestilence broke out in London. It was called the *Plague*, and many thousands died of it. All who had the means left the city; and among the rest, John Milton, who wrote to Thomas Ellwood to procure him a lodging in the country; which he did. After Milton was settled in his new home, Thomas called on him; and before he left, Milton gave him a manuscript to look over, desiring his opinion. On returning it, Thomas told him he admired it very much indeed. It was called "*Paradise Lost*;" and the world has since confirmed Thomas's judgment. In giving it back, he said pleasantly to its author, "Thou hast said a great deal about *Paradise lost*, canst thou not tell us something of *Paradise found*?" Milton paused, and did not answer him; but turned the conversation on another subject. Some months after Milton had gone back to London, Thomas happening to be in town, waited upon him; and Milton, showing him the manuscript of "*Paradise Regained*," said pleasantly, "This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you asked, when at Chalfont. I had not thought of it before."

Walter Ellwood, wishing to break the entail on his estate, was obliged to request his son's concurrence, as the place could not be sold without his consent. Thomas, happy to oblige his father, whenever he could do so without compromising his religious principles, cheerfully acceded to his proposal;

though well aware that it would cut him off from all share or right in his father's property. But his own exertions would supply him with all that was needful; and he had learned to forego superfluities.

Thomas Ellwood had always regarded marriage as a divine institution, and he held it wrong to look upon it in any exclusive worldly point of view. When he first felt his affections drawn towards Mary Ellis, a young woman whom he had known for several years, and whom he married, he prayed for divine counsel and guidance in this important concern. On mentioning the matter to her, he desired no answer until she, too, had waited upon the Lord for direction. On obtaining her consent, he informed his father, who appeared to be much pleased with the prospect, though Mary was a Friend. He offered to settle a sum of money on Thomas; which, however, he never did. On the contrary, Thomas, who knew his father well, thought it necessary to have papers drawn up and signed the next day after the marriage, securing to his wife all the money and lands she had possessed, as well as the little he had made, that he might not leave her at the mercy of his father.

And now we are nearly done; for his after-history is but the common history of the other early Friends. Fines and imprisonments,—imprisonments and fines were lavishly dealt out to them all. In Thomas's case, these dark moments were illuminated by inter-

vals of rare happiness at home, where his wife fully justified his love and esteem.

He wrote and published many works, suitable for the times, but mostly now become obsolete. Several of them were answers to the attacks which Friends received at all quarters from priests and others. He spoke in meetings for worship but seldom, in meetings for discipline frequently. He lived to be eighty-two years old, when he was taken with palsy, which deprived him of the use of his limbs, but left his mind clear and unclouded. He bore the pains of sickness with patient resignation, and a short time before he departed, uttered the words, "I am full of joy and peace. My soul is filled with joy."

It is no real cause of mourning for an infant to be taken away from the earth before its purity has been sullied ; but it is glorious for the strong man, full of years, who has been tried and tempted, and resisted temptation, who has "fought the good fight," who has "kept the faith," to lay his head upon his dying pillow, saying, "Henceforward there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

## CHAPTER VI.

### NANCY AND HER MOTHER.

ELLWOOD STEWART had a clear, pleasant voice, and his children felt much delight in listening to it. When he had finished reading, they thanked both him and their sister for the pleasure that had been afforded them.

The family was a very happy one ; and one reason of this was, the politeness and courtesy with which they constantly treated each other. They were not permitted, either by example or precept, to treat each other with coldness or rudeness, any more than they would a stranger ; and the habit of preferring others to themselves was easy to them, having been inculcated so early. There were no particular rules, no formalities observed, but each child was taught to oblige others, and to acknowledge the pleasure of being obliged.

Many, many brothers and sisters, who love each other dearly, do not have the happy hours they might enjoy, by reason of their indulging a petty selfishness of disposition. Any child old enough to read this is old enough to set about reform, should he feel himself to blame in this respect.



After the children had thanked their father, and talked a little about the story he had read to them, Lizzy said, "Now, sister Mary, may I help thee set the table?" "Thank thee," said Mary, "but Martha shall help me, and thee may carry in the bread and butter to help Nancy. I think Patty is almost too little to do that, but she can help me some." While Lizzy and Patty are washing their plump little hands I may as well tell who Nancy was, for the Stewart family thought a great deal of her, as they might well do.

About forty years ago, when Mary Stewart was a little girl, and when her name was Mary Brace, Jane Brace, Mary's mother, went to see a poor sick woman in the neighborhood where they lived. This poor sick woman had a little girl, whose name was Nancy; and a nice, quiet little thing she was, staying beside her mother's bed, and watching her pallid face nearly all the time. She was too little to work much, but she did everything for her mother that a hand like hers could; and she went on any errand which her mother had for her, always doing just what she was bid.

After Jane Brace found how ill the woman was she never let Nancy go away from her, except to take a little walk, that she might breathe the fresh air, for she was such a comfort to the poor mother that she could hardly bear to have her away. This woman was very sick indeed the first time Jane Brace ever saw her, and though she tried to do

everything for her that could be done she grew worse and worse, until Jane saw that she was going to die. Jane hardly knew what to do for her, so she asked the doctor if he would be so kind as to stop there, and tell her what he thought. The doctor was very kind and went to see her that afternoon. He told Jane that the woman had a bad cough, and pain in her breast ; but he said that was not all that ailed her, he thought she must be in a great deal of trouble, for she was pining away from some other cause than sickness.

One day little Nancy came running, almost out of breath, and with a very pale face, to ask Jane Brace to come over to her mother, for she was very ill indeed. Jane was just fitting a dress on one of her little children, but she did not even wait to take it off and put away the things. She only desired the girl who lived with them to take off the pieces which she was fitting together and put them by, and take good care of the children, for she did not know when she would be back. She put her bonnet and shawl on and went over to her sick neighbor as soon as possible, carrying a little whey which she had got ready before.

When there, Jane did not see that she was any worse than usual, but she stayed with her a while and used many comforting words, and, speaking in a soft, low, gentle tone, tried to make her think of pleasant things. She stood up close to the side of the bed, and laying the head of the poor sufferer

upon her breast, pressed her hand gently to her forehead. This little action seemed to open the fountain of feeling, and the poor woman burst into tears. It seemed to her as if she had somebody to love and be kind to her, and to whom she might tell all her thoughts.

So she leaned her head against Jane, and, sobbing like a little child, said, "I beg your pardon for sending for you, and giving you so much trouble, but sure I feel the better for it, if you only lay your hand upon me, and my heart has been very sore to-day." Jane Brace said some kind words to her, and the poor woman, feeling encouraged, went on to tell her that about five years before she and her husband came away from Ireland on account of the troubles. They landed at Quebec. But the man had never learned anything but farming, and as he had no money nor credit to purchase a farm he went out as a day-laborer. In the harvest-time they had very high wages, for his wife helped him all she could; and, he being a strong man, between them they made the wages of two men. This did very well in harvest-time, but when harvest was over they were thrown out of regular work. They lived here for two summers, during which time little Nancy was born, and then, thinking they could do better in the United States, they came over here.

The woman's voice faltered when she told her how kind her husband was to her, and how he blamed himself for ever bringing her away from her own

comfortable home to wander about in poverty with him. "But sure," continued she, raising her streaming eyes, and fixing them with earnestness on Jane's face, "I had rather share his poverty than to have dressed in silks and satins without him. It was only when he was taken away that I grew heart-sick."

The husband commenced digging, as being the most profitable work for him, but the summer sun, so much warmer than he had been accustomed to, brought on a bilious fever which left him in such a state of debility that it was nine weeks before he could go out again. She said there were a good many of their countrymen there while he was sick, and they raised a sum of money for him; but he could not bear to accept it as a gift, and the very first money he was able to earn went to pay that debt, and that too before he had provided any winter clothing for himself, wife or children (for they had two children besides Nancy). They struggled along that winter with just enough food and warmth to live, but they were happy in loving each other, and looked forward to better days.

As the spring opened, the husband found plenty of work, his wife took in washing, and the children, ragged and noisy, but healthy and good-humored, sometimes helped, or sometimes hindered their parents with their work. Thus they went on, feeling as if they were getting a little laid by for the next winter, when that terrible fever came on again,

putting the husband completely out of heart. Having a good constitution he struggled through it, and went to work before he was able, but the fever returning again, with no energies of either mind or body, he soon fell a victim to it. The little place where he lay was so damp and unhealthy, and so close, that the rest of the family took the disease, and all lay stretched upon the bed of sickness at once. The two older children died, and when the poor widow, who was delirious, came to her senses, she found none of her infants left to clasp to her bursting heart but her youngest, her little Nancy. Strangers' hands had buried her other darlings.

It was long before she could realize that they could be gone. Her intellect, enfeebled by illness, and unconscious of what had passed after she herself was taken sick, still clung to the belief that they had only gone away, and she would question her little girl, hoping to find some clue to them from her half-formed words.

After a while she grew stronger, and when she came to see that she was indeed stripped of husband and children, save one darling, she came to the determination of leaving that place, not much caring where she went to, but thinking any spot must be better than that. She had not the means of returning to her own country, indeed they had subsisted on the charity of their neighbors for a long time. So, bidding farewell to her kind friends, who had tried their utmost to dissuade her from casting her-



self among strangers, she started off on foot, with her little girl holding her hand, not knowing where she should rest for the night.

Thanks be to him who giveth us every good gift, in all her wanderings the food and the night's lodging were never denied her.

It was in the pleasant Indian summer, that she thus passed from one village to another, and before the cold weather came on, she was fixed in a very small but snug house in the little village of M——, where Jane Brace found her. She partook too much of her husband's pride, to ask assistance, and had hungered and been cold many a time. She took in washing to support herself and child, but her constitution, already undermined by hardship and grief, sank under it and her own imprudence. "Indeed," said she, "I hardly knew what I was doing, and sometimes in the warm weather when I would be washing, such a burning heat would come over me, that, saving your presence, I would dash the cold water right into my bosom, and that is the way I think I got my death."

Jane Brace could not say anything, for she too thought that was the way she got her death; but it was too late to blame her now. So laying her down gently, she got the whey, and giving her a little to revive her, she turned to leave the room, for she thought it would be better for the woman to be quiet a while, as she was evidently exhausted by speaking so long. Nancy's mother was watching her move-



ments, and speaking quickly and with an effort said, "Do not leave me yet. I have not said all. Nancy, go out of doors, dear, I want to speak to Mrs. Brace." Nancy instantly obeyed.

"Oh! Mrs. Brace, what will become of my Nancy? It comes over me that I must soon die; and if the prayer of the widow, or the blessing of the orphan may help you, take care of my Nancy. She is a good girl, take her to live with you. Do what you choose with her, only let her live with you."

Jane Brace had thought of this matter before, and had even mentioned it to her husband, who knowing the strong interest she took in Nancy, told her to do just as she thought proper, only not to increase her own burdens too much. The increase of her own care was the last thing that Jane Brace thought about. She was almost afraid to introduce a stranger into the midst of her own little flock. Yet all that she had seen of the quiet, patient little girl, who attended her mother with such unwearied watch, disposed her to think favorably of her. Therefore if she hesitated a moment when Nancy's mother addressed her, it was not long; for in an instant the precepts came before Jane's mind, "Do unto others, as ye would that others should do unto you." And "What thy hand findeth to do, that do with all thy might." Looking at the woman with a pleasant face, and answering in a kind tone, she told her she would take care of Nancy and have her to live with her own little children. Many blessings were

breathed on Jane Brace's head by the poor afflicted creature, who seemed to forget her own sorrows in the happy prospect before her child ; and Jane went home that evening with a heart and step as light as the consciousness of a good action performed could make them.

Every day while Nancy's mother lived she visited her. And when at length she died, and Nancy was motherless, she did not feel as if alone in the world, but laid her little face on the kind bosom of her friend, while that friend's soft voice spoke the words of comfort to her ear.

Never did Nancy give her aunt (for by that kind and affectionate title was she taught to call her mistress) any reason to regret taking her. It is true she was not more perfect than other little girls, but she was docile and affectionate, and Jane loved her very much. When she had done wrong, Jane told her of the necessity of being good, if she would wish to please her heavenly Father, just as she talked to her own little ones.

She did not send Nancy to school as she did her own children, for she knew that probably Nancy would have to work hard for her living, and her hands and limbs must be inured in time ; but she made her labor light by sharing it, and by teaching her the best method of doing anything, and telling her the reason why. Lessons taught in this way are seldom forgotten, and Nancy soon became of some use.

Mary was but a baby when Nancy first came among them ; and the desolate heart of the stranger clung to her even more than to her aunt. Yet, perhaps, I am wrong—perhaps she only thought she loved the baby best, because she could caress it as much as she pleased, without the fear of being troublesome. She would plead to be allowed to nurse it, which however its mother would not permit, because its little frame was so tender that it might be injured ; but she would lay a sheepskin on the floor, and put the baby on it, and then let Nancy play with it for an hour or two at a time. The little one soon distinguished her from the other children, and would commence crowing and jumping, if it but caught a glimpse of Nancy's merry little face.

This attachment continued ; and when in after years Mary married Ellwood Stewart, Nancy's heart went with her. Jane Brace was not long in discovering this ; and much as she valued Nancy, she was glad that it was so : for every mother considers her child's interest before her own. When it was first mentioned to Nancy, she would not hear of leaving her old home, and her kind aunt. But as Jane insisted on it, telling her that she would confer a favor upon both herself and her daughter, Nancy consented, though somewhat reluctantly, for she could not help fearing she was guilty of ingratitude.

And now was Jane Brace fully repaid for all she had ever done for Nancy. Nancy was not only a help, in a domestic point of view, but a faithful per-

son in the great business of life, in training the family for heaven.

As the children grew older, they understood Nancy's true position in the family, and treated her accordingly. While anxious to have her appreciated by the younger ones, they made it a far greater favor to be allowed to assist Nancy, than they did to assist each other. When none but themselves were present, or some intimate friend, Nancy sat with them, unless her duties called her elsewhere. Her manners were pleasant and agreeable; why should they not be? She had associated with those whom education and truth had refined from the time she turned from her mother's grave.

What if she had not devoted her earlier years to school? Her education was constantly, though silently progressing; and many a (so-called) lady might have taken a lesson from Nancy's quiet, self-possessed, and dignified manners. Her sense of propriety kept her from intruding. The children, who were taught to value her so highly, could not imagine why she should not sit at table with them, or anywhere else, let who would be present. But Mary Stewart, though willing at all times and at all seasons to show the respect for Nancy which she really felt, respected also the delicacy of feeling which prompted her to sit by herself, when any one with whom she was not well acquainted chanced to be their guest.

Lizzy felt it quite a compliment to be asked to

assist Nancy ; and after she had put by the doll she was dressing, and Martha had put away her patchwork, they went to a little room, or a large closet, (whichever persons would choose to call it,) and there were towels, washbasins, and soaps, with two or three great pitchers, all of which had water in them. There was a low washstand in one corner, and close by it stood a large bucket, to pour the water into, after they had bathed in it. To this low washstand Lizzy and Patty went, and sister Mary, who had put her sewing by, came in and poured some water from the great pitcher into the little washbasin, and put it on the low washstand, where the children could reach it nicely. Here they washed their hands, and wiped them on a towel which hung on a little frame.

Lizzy then went to the kitchen, where she found Nancy standing by the doughtrough, cutting the bread into thin slices, and laying them evenly one upon the other. "Sister Mary said I might help thee," said she, in a very pleasant tone. "What may I do first?" "Thee may bring the bread-plates," said Nancy. So Lizzy went to the kitchen closet, and getting the plates down very carefully, she carried them to Nancy, who laid the sliced bread upon them, cutting the slices right down through the middle. Elizabeth then carried the plates in, one at a time, and put them on the table, which sister Mary had already spread the cloth upon.

There was a large pile of little plates on one



corner, and Martha was taking one of these at a time, and putting it in its proper place, saying softly to herself as she went around, "This is for father—this is for mother—this is for Elly," and so on, as she placed each plate. The knives and forks were in a box, and Mary was busy with them. When Martha's plates were all placed, she ran to the cupboard to get the salt-cellars, which were nicely printed when taken off the dinner table. They were upon the second shelf, where she could not reach them; but in her zeal to help her sister, she clambered upon a stool, which tipped over just as she had grasped the salt-cellar; and down she came, oversetting the molasses cup, and breaking both it and the salt-cellar. Mary was just turning round to see what she was doing; and catching her as she fell, prevented her hurting herself.

Martha's face reddened very much, and she began to cry a little; but Mary soothed her; and finding she was more frightened than anything else, told her not to mind. "Oh! but," said Patty, "I was going to help thee; and only see how much trouble I have made." "Why, yes," said Mary, laughing a little to show Martha she did not mind the trouble, "if little girls could only be kept in molasses, I should have such a sweet little sister, should I not?" Martha now began to laugh too; and Mary, telling her to be right still, went into the closet and brought from there the little basin, with water in it, and a nice soft towel, with which she wiped away the molasses



from her hands. She took off Martha's apron, which was very much soiled, and turning it in carefully so as not to smear anything with it, carried it into the closet.

She then went up-stairs, and getting a clean apron for Martha, brought it down and put it on her. Mary then went to the kitchen, and tied on a very large apron which almost covered the skirt of her dress, it was so wide and long; and brought a little tub of hot water, a dish cloth, and a dish towel, to wipe the shelf and dishes with. She tucked up the ends of her sleeves, and pinned them to keep them from slipping down; then moved all the plates and dishes on which there was no molasses, up to the second shelf. She washed and wiped the few that were smeared, and putting the dish cloth down, gathered up all the broken pieces of the cup and salt-cellar. She put these in a safe place, where no one would be likely to cut his hands with them, and washing the shelf, wiped it as dry as possible.

She carried the little tub, the cloth and the towel back to the kitchen, and put each in its proper place, and returned to the closet to rinse the molasses off of Patty's apron. She spread it on the frame to dry, intending to put it to wash on the next Second-day morning. After she had done all these things, which took her but a few minutes, she took off the great apron, folded it up, and put it in the kitchen till she should want it again.

When Mary went in, she saw her little sister look-

ing a good deal mortified, and standing near the closet door. Mary smiled, and in a pleasant tone asked Patty to put the cup plates around, at the same time giving her the pile in her hands. Martha's face brightened at the thought that she might be of some use after all, and the table setting went on again.

Mary arranged it very neatly, and although there was nothing which could be called a dainty, yet everything looked inviting; the cloth, the knives and forks, and every article on the table, being so perfectly clean and bright. There was a small piece of oiled cloth spread for Elly's plate to set on; but Martha could eat without smearing anything, and was therefore permitted to set her plate on the linen. The mother thought it better that all the children should sit with them at table, when there was no company; as a little child learns so much more readily from example than precept.

Very soon supper was ready, and Martha was told she might ring a bell, which was the signal for the family to come together. Mary sat at the waiter, that she might pour out the tea and coffee; the father and mother sat at the other end of the table, with Lizzy on one side, and Martha on the other. Elly, with his little plate and oiled cloth, sat next to Lizzy, and up next the waiter sat Nancy, whose pet Elly was, and who undertook to supply his wants. Rebecca and Jane were at the side of the table opposite Elly and Nancy.

They sat silent for a minute or two, when Elly, feeling as if he could not keep still any longer, began saying, "sugar, sugar, sugar." Nancy looked at him very seriously, and shook her head. He was quiet; and then Mary began to put the sugar and cream into the cups.

After she had helped the older ones she put some milk into a cup, and pouring a little hot water in, to warm it, sweetened, and gave it to Nancy for Elly, who by this time was getting a little uneasy. As soon as he swallowed it, he commenced saying, "meat, meat, meat." And kicking his heels against the rounds of his high chair, seemed disposed to make himself as conspicuous as possible. Nancy took his little hands in hers, and looking him right in the face to fasten his attention, said very slowly and distinctly, "Elly must not talk now;" and "I will give Elly what he is to have for his supper, and he must not talk any more now." Elly looked at and evidently understood her, for he was silent for a little while until he forgot; and then was quiet again when she looked at him.

Ellwood Stewart considered his table as a domestic school, and encouraged his children to converse freely. He liked to hear their views and opinions; and besides this, he knew children would be likely to eat hastily, and acquire slovenly habits, unless they found their meals made pleasant. As he did not wish his children to become epicures, he did not teach them that it was of consequence what they eat.

But he did teach them to find pleasure in meeting together at the table, and conversing together. Unless the family was assembled in the common room where they dined, the bell was generally rung twice ; the first time to give notice to any one who might wish to put away her work, or to do anything likely to detain her a few minutes.

Very seldom was there any excuse made for tardiness, for they all felt it pleasant to draw together. Besides, they were acquiring, at small trouble and expense, the virtue of punctuality. No allusion was made at meal times to any fault which might have been observed ; nothing mentioned which could mortify one child before another.

While they were sitting at table this evening, Rebecca said, "But, father, what queer-looking dresses they must have worn in Thomas Ellwood's time ! Did the men wear rings, and ribbons, and laces ? I wonder they could ever see each other without laughing." "Our eyes," said Ellwood, "become so soon accustomed to any style of dress, that it not only ceases to be ridiculous, but we think it positively becoming. Does thee not think rings and laces are pretty for women ?" "Why, yes," said Rebecca, hesitating, "I think lace and ribbons very pretty, but not rings. I never liked rings, ear rings especially, since I read of the South Sea islanders wearing nose jewels. It seems to me a barbarous custom to have either nostrils or ears bored. But I don't know whether I would like to

have a finger ring or not. Thee knows I was never tried," said she, archly. "Fairly answered," said her father, smiling. "But suppose I give thee five dollars, will thee buy a ring with the money, or purchase a warm shawl for Sally Davis, who has so many poor children to support that she cannot clothe them and herself too, as warmly as she ought?" Rebecca looked very serious, and said, "Why, father, thee knows I would buy the shawl for her. I would not dare to spend the money for a ring for myself, when she needed a shawl or anything else." "Well, my child," said the father, "I had intended to give that sum to Sally, but thee may spend it for her. Thee had better consult thy mother or sister how thee can do it most judiciously; remembering that a single dime misapplied is of consequence to her."

Ellwood Stewart was not poor, neither was he very rich, but he tried to accustom his children to look on money with a reference to its true value. He discouraged every unnecessary expense upon their own clothing, or their own pleasures; but placed the means of assisting others at their disposal. A child generally prefers giving to others. We acquire the habit of selfishness, as we are taught to indulge artificial wants.

When Ellwood told Rebecca she might spend five dollars for Sally, she looked very much gratified indeed, and sat silent for some minutes, thinking of what dresses she might buy, what shoes with thick soles the children should have; and then it suddenly



occurred to her that Sally slept very cold, and may be she had better get some calico for a comfortable, which sister would help her quilt.

As she was revolving these things in her mind, Jane took up the conversation where she had dropped it, saying, "Well, I do not know much about the rings, but those long pointed shoes with the toes turned up and fastened to the knees, must have looked very funny; and how could they ever walk about? I should think they would strike against each other, or against anything in the room." "These fashions grew like everything else," said the mother. "If we were to put such shoes on now, as our grandmothers wore, we should totter, and I think fall down. Don't thee remember those high-heeled shoes up in the great chest in the garret?" "Yes," said Jane, "Sarah put them on the last time she was at home, and they made her look so tall, only she could not walk very well in them, and we were afraid she would fall; that was the reason she did not come down-stairs." "Well, those shoes, though so inconvenient to us, our grandmothers thought beautiful. They made the foot look smaller, and probably were introduced by some short person who wished to look taller; but I do not think she had such a thick heel put on at first. They must have been just a little raised, then a little more, and so on until they attained an inch and a half, if not two inches in height. And as to looks, we so soon become accustomed to any kind of dress, that it



seems graceful and elegant, no matter how repugnant to true taste. It seems to me that the dress which corresponds with the outline of the human form, and which is best adapted to its easy unencumbered movements, is most suitable to it, if our tastes in this respect had not become perverted."

"But there was one thing which seems very hard," said Jane, her eyes filling with tears. "That was for Thomas to disobey his father, who was very kind to him before he came to be a Friend. It must have been very hard for Thomas to do anything which his father did not want him to do." "My dear child," said her father, kindly, "it was very hard, I do not doubt; but even in this Thomas was rewarded by the feelings of peace and quietness that Almighty Goodness favored him to experience. And it may be that he was chosen as an instrument to break down the stubborn will of his father. Oh! what joy for him, if by any means, even the sacrifice of himself, he might become conducive to his father's salvation. Of one thing we may be sure, our heavenly Father is over all, and sees all, and requires nothing of us without a reason. What that reason is we may never know in this life, but we do know that a ready obedience to his will gives us that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

Some neighbors coming in to spend an hour or two interrupted the conversation, which now turned on general subjects, and the younger children going

to bed pretty soon it was not resumed at that time.

It was perhaps two weeks after before the ordinary occupations of the family admitted of another story, though sister Mary was often seen with a large, old-looking book lying on her desk, from which she was taking notes ; and when at length they had an hour's leisure, in which the family might all be collected together, she produced a short manuscript, entitled "JAMES PARNELL."



## CHAPTER VII.

JAMES PARNELL.

ONE time, almost two hundred years ago, a very good man, named George Fox, was confined in a prison because he felt it his duty to tell people when they were doing wrong.

The people in those days probably did not like to be told they were doing wrong any better than we do in these, and as they had the power (which we have not) they put any one in prison who displeased them.

To this prison went many persons to see George Fox ; and among others a boy, or lad, about sixteen years of age, named James Parnell. This boy, though so young, and brought up in a way entirely different, after conversing with George Fox felt that what he said was true, that is, that every person has that in his own breast which tells him when he does right. For in those days many said, and some actually believed, that certain men must be hired to devote their lives to studying the Scriptures in order to be able to explain their meaning. Just as if the Holy Spirit, which dictated the Scriptures, was not all-sufficient to give us grace to understand them for

ourselves; or just as if we were not the children of the same great Father, who willeth not that any of us should perish. Why should we hire men to tell us what to do, when the Holy Spirit himself condescends to dwell in our hearts, if we only prepare the temple for him, teaching us all things?

Very probably James Parnell had never before heard this doctrine advanced, yet he embraced it at once. He is said to have had an excellent literary education, which he must have been very diligent to acquire at so early an age. After making up his mind to do what he believed to be right, instead of being encouraged, loved, and honored, as we would suppose, he was rejected and cast off by his relations, nor do I know that he had a place wherein to lay his head. This, however, did not deter him from what he thought to be his duty.

He saw those around him apparently hurrying onward to destruction, and he feared not to entreat them, even at the peril of his own life, to return to the true path. He went to Cambridge, and for preaching to the people was driven from the town. Still he loved them—still he felt as if he must do something for them—and he returned. He attempted to reason with the scholars, but they too, who ought to have known so much better, they too treated him very rudely and badly. No usage was too rough for him; but he still continued to preach, though often buffeted and driven from town to town.

When he was about eighteen years of age he went

one summer day and preached to the people in a church, for at this time Friends had few or no meeting-houses to go to. He afterwards preached in a great meeting, which had been appointed by some of the Friends, and which was probably held in an orchard or field. At this meeting, which was in Colchester, many persons were convinced of the truth. He spent a week going about and preaching here; and when some wicked person gave him a blow with a great staff, saying, "Take that for Christ's sake," he meekly answered, "Friend, I do receive it for Christ's sake."

It is difficult to believe that the time ever was, still less, that within two hundred years, men were beaten, imprisoned, fined, and put to death, because they dared not do that which they believed it would offend the great Creator for them to do. But so it was. The Quakers, as they were called in derision, because one of them had said, "He trembled in the fear of the Lord," were preached against, and prayed against. A meeting was held for the especial purpose of preaching and praying for their overthrow.

To this meeting James Parnell went; and when the priest, who was hired for that occasion, said they were liars and deceivers, James desired him to prove it. He could not prove it, nor could those who were with him. Instead of trying to do so they ordered James to take off his hat. He answered he would rather leave the house than comply with their

orders, so he walked out ; but a magistrate followed him and committed him to prison.

Here began those terrible sufferings which I mean to pass over as quickly as possible, for I do not think we can derive much other good from dwelling upon them than to learn how graciously our Heavenly Father enables us to support any pains of the body, if we can only feel conscious innocence and peace, and fix our minds upon him.

James Parnell was not allowed to see any of his friends, and when his trial was to come on he was fastened to a chain, with some other men, and led about eighteen miles, being chained day and night.

After being brought before the court he was charged with having created a riot ; which charge he so clearly refuted, that the jury could not find him guilty. But the judge, failing in his efforts to make the jury convict him, fined him forty pounds, which of course the poor homeless lad could not pay. The judge ordered him to be kept in the dungeon of a ruinous old castle until he did pay. He likewise ordered that none of his friends should come near him.

The jailer's wife was a very wicked woman, and had a violent temper. She said many very wicked things to him, too bad for me to repeat. His friends, though they could not see him, brought him victuals, and a trundle bed to lie on. The first, she persuaded the other prisoners to take from him, and the last, she would not let him have at all, so that he



was forced to lie upon the damp, cold stones. The walls of this castle were immensely thick, and into a hole in the wall, like an oven, they thrust this good young man.

This hole was about twelve feet from the ground, and there was a little ladder which reached about half-way up. The rest of the way he had to climb by means of the broken wall and a rope which hung down in front. This he was obliged to do whenever he needed food or drink; for though his friends wanted him to have a basket and a cord to draw them up, the jailer and his wife would not permit him even this small indulgence. This hole was very damp, and his limbs became so benumbed, that as he was climbing up the ladder one day, with his victuals in one hand, he missed catching the rope with the other, and losing his balance, he fell on the stones, wounding his head, and bruising his body so much, that the people who took him up thought he was killed.

They then put him into another hole, not so high up from the ground, but smaller; and so close that when the door was shut but little air could get into it. Here it seemed as if he would be suffocated; but he was not allowed either to have the door opened or to go out. His friends and sufferers in the same cause loved the innocent boy very much, and offered any one of them to lie in this place in his stead, while the rest might take him away for a while so that he could recover. When he recovered,

they said he might come back again. But these cruel and misguided people would not suffer it. They would not allow him even to walk a little while in the yard. The door of his cell being left open once, he got out into a narrow walk between two high walls, which so incensed the jailer, that he shut him out there, though it was in the coldest winter weather.

He lived about eleven months in this hard manner; but his constitution gave way under such repeated sufferings, and he closed his pure and virtuous life within the prison walls.

Before his death his friends obtained permission to visit him. To one of these he said, "Here I die innocently." And afterwards turning his head to his friend Thomas Shortland, he said, "Thomas, I have seen great things; don't hold me, but let me go." Then after a while, he said again, "Will you hold me?" and one replied, "No, dear, we will not hold thee." He had often said, that one hour's sleep would cure him of all; and the last words breathed from his dying lips were, "Now I go." He then stretched himself out, slept about an hour, and quietly yielded his spirit to Him who gave it, and in whose service he died.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MARY FISHER AND ANNE AUSTIN.

THERE was a silence for some minutes after the father had concluded reading this mournful account. The eyes of the little girls were moist, and the tender-hearted Jane was weeping with her head laid on her sister's lap.

The mother broke silence by saying, "This is indeed a sorrowful story, but there is one bright spot on which we may look. How very much his friends must have loved him, being willing to place their bodies in his body's stead. And how faithfully they attended him, never forgetting him, and never being discouraged by the rebuffs they met from the jailer and his wife, nor from the governor. They must have persevered through great difficulties to be able to see him at all. Oh! with what a healing power the thought of the dear love of his friends must have come over the sick and wearied heart of James. They attended him constantly and received his last breath."

"Yes," said Ellwood Stewart, "at that time so persecuted were the Friends, that three or four persons were regularly appointed by the meeting to

attend to those who were sick and in prison. These persons made it their business to go round to the different prisons where Friends were confined, and see that they had something to eat, and if need be, something to sleep upon.

“This was so well known to be the case, that a very lazy man contrived to be put in prison with some Friends, that he might be maintained by them ; always taking care to have the best, and the most of any one present. However, the Friends soon detected him ; and, telling the governor he was not one of their number, the governor put him by himself ; though he tried by the most abject entreaties, such as no Friend would ever use, to get clear. But Friends did not depend helplessly upon the exertions of others. They exerted themselves to obtain a living—men, who had been brought up as gentlemen, employing themselves in the most menial offices, rather than live in idleness. They refused to do prison-work, however ; for they felt it was not right they should be in prison, and to do prison-work voluntarily, seemed like admitting the justice of their imprisonment. But what is this other manuscript ?” continued he, looking at Mary.

“I thought James Parnell’s life was so sad and sorrowful, that I must have something more cheerful with it ; and as it is so short, I thought thee would be willing to read the second one too.”

“Certainly,” said her father. “But I must begin now, for I have an engagement this afternoon,

and you can converse about them when I am gone." So saying, he commenced.

It was in the fifth month of the year 1656, that two young women, named Mary Fisher and Anne Austin, arrived at Boston, before there had ever been a law made against the Quakers. But before they came on shore, the deputy governor, who had probably heard that Quakers were dangerous persons, sent officers on board the ship, who, searching their trunks and chests, took away about one hundred books which they found, and placed them at the disposal of the council, which ordered them to be burnt in the market-place, and by the common hangman. The young women were brought ashore and committed to prison upon one proof only of their being Quakers. One of them, speaking to the deputy-governor, used the word "thee," instead of you. Whereupon this sagacious and wise deputy-governor said, he needed no more, for he now saw they were Quakers.

They were shut up as prisoners, and supposed to be so dangerous in their doctrines, that a fine of five pounds was laid upon any one who should speak to them, even through the window. And lest this should not be sufficiently effectual, a board was nailed upon the window of the jail. That religion could not have had a very strong foundation which the breath of two young women was likely to upset.

No one was even allowed to send them victuals; but a man named Nicholas Upshall, who had lived many

years in Boston, and was a member of the church there, hearing with what severity they were treated, and fearing they would starve, sent some money to the jailer, sufficient to purchase provision.

Their pens, ink, and paper were taken from them, and they were not suffered to have any candle during the night. After they had been kept in this way about five weeks, the master of a vessel about to sail for England, was bound under the penalty of an hundred pounds to carry them back, and to let no one speak to them while on board his ship. The jailer kept their Bible and their beds which they had brought with them, for his fees.

Such was the treatment the Quakers first met with in Boston, and this from the hands of educated and professedly religious men, who had left the fair fields of their own native England, for the uncultivated wilds of America, rather than not have liberty of conscience, that very liberty which they now denied to the Quakers who sought a home among them. Nay! so far did their animosity extend, that Nicholas Upshall, the person who furnished them with money, an old man of good character and belonging to their own church, was fined twenty-three pounds and banished out of their jurisdiction. The fine was rigidly exacted, and but a month allowed for his removal, although in the depth of winter.

On leaving Boston, Nicholas went to Rhode Island, where an Indian prince offered him a new home, saying he "would make him a warm house."



This prince once asked him, "What kind of a God have the English who deal so with one another about their God?" Well might the unsophisticated son of the forest ask this question, seeing the professed followers of him whom they called the "meek and lowly Jesus," inflicting wrong and outrage upon each other, as well as striving their utmost to exterminate his own noble race.

Of Anne Austin we hear nothing more. But Mary Fisher, about four years after she had been at Boston, and while she was still unmarried, felt it to be her duty to deliver a message which the Lord had sent by her to Sultan Mahomet the fourth, who at this time was encamped with his army near Adrianople.

She proceeded to Smyrna, intending to go on from there: the English consul at that place would not permit her, but sent her to Venice. Still being impressed with the belief that she must see the sultan, she found another way open; and, going alone, made her way to the camp. Here she persuaded a person to go to the grand vizier, and tell him that an "English woman had come, bearing a message from the great God to the sultan." The vizier sent an answer that she should have the opportunity of delivering it next morning. That evening she went into Adrianople, and next day early repaired to the camp again.

Here she was received, and conducted to the sultan, who sat in state, surrounded by his chiefs and

great men, as he was used to receive ambassadors. The sultan asked her, by his interpreters, if that was true which had been told him, that she had something to say to him from the Lord God? She answered, "Yea." Then he bade her speak on. But she continuing in silence for a little while, it occurred to the sultan that she might be fearful of speaking before so many men; and he asked her if she desired that any might go away before she spoke. She answered, "No." He then desired her to speak the word of the Lord to them and not to fear; for they had good hearts, and could bear it. He charged her to speak his word, neither more nor less than he had commissioned her with; for they could bear it.

This simple English maiden, unawed and undazzled with the magnificence of an eastern court, proceeded to declare in a few guileless words, the testimony which she bore from the Almighty. The turbaned and bearded Turks listened with attentive seriousness to the word of Mary Fisher, who had periled her life a hundred times on her way thither with the words of Truth. When she had finished, the sultan asked her if she had anything more to say. She asked him if he understood what she did say, to which he answered, Yes; and that what she had spoken was truth.

He invited her to stay in his country, saying, they could not but respect one who would take so much pains as to come from distant England, with a mes-

sage from the Lord. Finding her unwilling to stay, he offered her a guard as far as Constantinople, whither she intended to go. She being firm in faith that an all-powerful Hand would protect her, this too was refused, although the sultan urged it upon her, telling her the way was dangerous, and full of perils to such a one as she; and that he would not upon any account harm should befall her in his dominions. But she, fully believing she would be preserved by the Divine Master whom she loved and served, would not consent to any other protection than He vouchsafed.

The Turks asked her what she thought of their prophet Mahomet? To which she answered, she knew him not, but Christ the true Prophet, the Son of God, the light of the world, him she knew. And concerning Mahomet, they might judge him to be true or false, according to the words or prophecies he spoke, adding, "If the word that a prophet speaketh cometh to pass, then shall you know that the Lord hath sent that prophet; but if it come not to pass, then shall you know that the Lord never sent him." The Turks confessed this to be true, and Mary, having delivered her message, departed from the camp. She travelled to Constantinople, and thence home to England, without receiving "hurt or scoff."

To make her relation still more wonderful, it appears she understood not a word of any other language than her own. And besides this, we must

consider that women are not allowed to uncover their faces before the men in Turkey—a custom almost impossible for her to comply with. It seems, indeed, as if nothing less than divine assistance could have enabled her to perform her mission.

After returning to England, she married a man named William Bayly, of whom it was said, “As he was bold and zealous in his preaching, being willing to improve his time as if he knew it was not to be long, so was he valiant in suffering for his testimony when called thereunto.” Of Mary Fisher, or rather Mary Bayly, we hear nothing more; so that she probably was permitted to spend the remainder of her life in quiet.

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As soon as Ellwood Stewart had finished reading this, he took out his watch, and seeing it was time to go, said he must leave them. The weather was very cold, and there was a slight sprinkle of snow upon the ground. Two or three of his daughters started up at once to wait upon and assist him; and even little Elly dragged his great warm socks out of the closet, holding on to the strings and pulling them after him.

Ellwood patted his little son's head, and said, “No, Elly, I thank thee. Father is not going very far, and it is not worth while to put them on.” “Then we will put the buffalo robe in the carriage, anyhow,” said Rebecca, starting off after it.

Where there were so many eager hands to assist, everything was soon done ; and the father, muffled to the ears, or rather to the nose and eyes (they being the only features visible), by the affectionate care of his daughters, was permitted to escape from them. After he was in the carriage, Rebecca came running out to persuade him to have a warm brick to keep his feet from getting cold. This he refused, with a pleasant smile at her eagerness ; and, driving off, left her wishing she could have done something more.





## CHAPTER IX.

“BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER’S BURDENS.”

IN our “meetings for discipline” certain questions are asked, and among them there is one “query” which runs thus:

“Are poor Friends’ necessities duly inspected, and they relieved or assisted in such business as they are capable of? Do their children freely partake of learning to fit them for business? and are they and other Friends’ children placed among Friends?”

And these questions, embraced in one query, imply much. They mean to ask if we really care for each other as brothers and sisters belonging to the same great family ought? Do we remember to visit those who are poor and needy among us, and supply their wants just as we should like them to visit us and supply ours, if we were to exchange places? They mean to ask if Friends take care of the little children who may be left with no one to provide for them, and bring them up with such advantages of education as may enable them to become good men and women, and good citizens, who may worthily perform their part in life.

For the purpose of fulfilling the requisitions of



this query, two or more persons are appointed in each monthly meeting whose business it is to "visit the poor, inspect their wants and relieve them."

These Friends are desired to "guard against exposing the names or situations of their fellow-members," for you know it is not pleasant to be under the necessity of being helped, and one does not like to have one's affairs talked over, except by those who are ready to help.

Do you remember any appointment of this kind mentioned in the Bible? I think you will find such an one in the first part of the sixth chapter of Acts.

The monthly meeting must of course provide money to meet the expenses incurred; and it is recommended, that "men and women Friends be open-hearted and liberal in subscriptions for raising and continuing funds for these purposes."

Ellwood Stewart was one of a committee set apart to attend to such cases, and it was to see a widow whose husband had recently died, leaving her in destitute circumstances, that he went away from his pleasant fireside that cold, rainy afternoon. The husband, Samuel Wilson by name, had been a journeyman carpenter; he had earned good wages and been able, by exercising a rigid economy, to put up and pay for a small neat house which he had also furnished.

He had commenced to lay by a sum of money, intending to go into business on his own account, but had overworked himself, taken cold, and finally

died, after an illness which lasted so long that it consumed most of the money he had saved, in providing for himself and family. His wife had taken good care of him, and the friends in the neighborhood had assisted in nursing, leaving nothing undone which could conduce to his comfort.

He left five children, all young, and the widow, worn down by anxiety and grief, was just opening her eyes to the stern truth, that their future welfare must mainly depend upon her ability to teach them, and her management of their small means of living. She owned a good house, substantially though plainly built, which would probably need no repairs for some years. She had good and sufficient clothing for herself and children, particularly as a mourning garb was not considered a necessary mark of respect in the society of which she was a member. She had good furniture enough, but none to spare, but as to money, there was not enough to provide necessary food for one year, and five little mouths needed a great deal to fill them. What was to become of them all? As a member of our meeting she had the *right* to ask for advice and assistance, and it was in obedience to this call that Ellwood Stewart came. The widow was named Rebecca; she was glad to see Ellwood, who many a time before had visited and assisted her, and he was pleased to be able to go on such a mission of sympathy and loving kindness, to listen to her plans, show her what she could do for herself, encourage her, and assure her of the help of

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Friends. He rejoiced to have it in his power to cheer a sorrowful heart. His wife was desirous of accompanying him, but felt that perhaps Rebecca could talk more freely to one than to both. Ellwood needed to know exactly how she was circumstanced, so Mary Stewart contented herself with sending her love, and as an evidence of it, she filled a basket with cakes, and nuts and apples, for the children, to be put into the carriage for her husband to take with him. When Ellwood arrived at the house, he saw two little faces with the noses flattened against the window panes. These little faces brightened with smiles, then disappeared for an instant, then reappeared before the window. Throwing aside the buffalo robe, he stepped carefully from the carriage. Four eyes with eager interest watched Ellwood as he took the hitching-strap and fastened his horse to the post in front : and as a merciful man is merciful to his beast, he took a small blanket, kept for the purpose, from the carriage, and spread it over the horse to shelter him from the bleak wind which swept around the corner. The next proceeding was the most interesting of all, for when the blanket was taken out the basket came into sight, and was recognized as an old acquaintance, because it had been there many a time before. With a smile and a nod to the little ones, who now left the window, Ellwood Stewart walked toward the door and gently knocked ; there was a response—"walk in," and he entered the room where sat Rebecca and her children.

It was nicely arranged and cheerful-looking: a rag carpet covered the floor, the oil-cloth on the table looked fresh and clean, the stove was warm and bright, and a little shelf, made for the purpose, was placed under the south window where the sun could shine. Upon it stood some flower-pots now filled with the rich bloom of a scarlet geranium, a tea rose, with creamy buds just opening, and a pot of the ice-plant, all of which repaid the culture they received, by looking as healthy as if blooming out of doors in the fresh air of early summer.

Rebecca's words of greeting were pleasant, but her swollen eyelids showed that she had been weeping, and with kindly tact, Ellwood turned to the children. The eldest, a modest, gentle girl of eight years, held a little brother cuddled up in her lap, who shyly peeped out from under his dark lashes to see the visitor. "Scarcely older than my own little son," thought Ellwood, and his heart instinctively went out towards the bereaved family. Accepting Rebecca's cordial invitation to sit down, he called the little ones he had seen at the window to come to him, and he petted and talked to them while the baby, unconscious of sorrow or distress, slumbered peacefully in its cradle. A few minutes enabled Rebecca to regain her composure and enjoy seeing her children, who were rummaging out the contents of the basket, where they found a perfect feast of simple luxuries. While they were so happily

engaged, Ellwood directed the conversation easily and naturally into the channel he wished.

He found Rebecca earnestly desirous of keeping her children together, but uncertain whether she would be able to do so. They were bright, attractive little creatures, and already she had had offers from two families, each of which was willing to adopt one. She knew they would be kindly cared for, with more comforts and fewer privations than if they stayed with her; but how could she bear to part with her children? Nay, was it not her duty to keep them together if she possibly could, and cultivate that sweet feeling of family affection which is such a source of enjoyment as to be one of our greatest earthly blessings?

Ellwood asked if she was willing to lay a statement of her husband's affairs before him, and this she was glad to do. The property was small, but willed to her without reservation; her husband very justly observing that it had been accumulated by their joint efforts, and that the true and faithful wife could scarcely fail to prove a true and faithful mother to the children he left. To her he intrusted all, to be used as she judged proper for their mutual benefit. The property consisted of the house and the ground upon which it stood, comprising three or four acres, part of which was enclosed as a garden, a small part planted with fruit trees, and the remainder reserved to pasture a cow, for which there was a frame building on one corner of the lot, just



about large enough to have a good stall in it and room for a couple of tons of hay, beside an entry with a small feed-chest on one side. At the end of this entry was a closet snugly arranged, with all the tools needed about the ground and garden, now in their places in as good order as if put aside yesterday by the familiar hand, whose sturdy grasp they would know no more. The upper part of the building was a kind of shop where some boards were drying, and there was also a large chest of carpenter's tools, a full supply and excellent of their kind. These Rebecca said could be sold if necessary, but she was loath to part with them, as they had been purchased with care, and, independent of any association she might have with them, would be difficult to replace. She would like to keep them for her oldest boy, who bore his father's name, as some day she hoped to see him follow the same business. She did not know how to bear that anything connected with her husband, should go into the hands of strangers.

In addition to her little home, there was still a small sum left of the money set aside as capital ; but not enough to live on one year, even with the most strict economy ; but she had vegetables and meat enough in the house to last during the cold weather.

Ellwood knew that Rebecca was an active, thorough-going woman, who would not sit down to fold her hands and give way to the deep depression she naturally felt. He knew she was worn with anxiety



and nursing, together with a long confinement to the house; and that when spring came and the flowers bloomed, she would probably be attracted into the garden to work; the fresh air and the upturned earth would strengthen her nerves, her energy would return, and she would lose her despondency in a determined effort to provide a comfortable living for herself and her children. Therefore he encouraged her by his assurances that at present he saw no need for her making any changes. He thought she would be able to keep the house so endeared to her, and also the children with her. He thought she could nearly maintain her family by her own exertions, and if she should not succeed entirely in doing so, "friends would assist in supplying any deficiency." While she was so worn and weary, and her mind was so tossed, she scarcely knew the extent of her own capabilities. *Now* she needed rest for body and mind. He reminded her of the gracious promises made to the widow and orphan by ONE who never yet forsook his poor dependent children. Rebecca thanked him with tears in her eyes, but with a feeling of repose and confidence which astonished herself; and as she bade him "farewell," and expressed a desire to see his wife, her voice sounded firmer and more assured. After he left, she turned to the children, and folding them to her heart, breathed a fervent thanksgiving that these had been spared, and that she had them to love and to labor for. Even the baby felt the influence of a new warmth, laugh-

ing and crowing merrily ; while Rebecca, refreshed and invigorated by the encouraging words of her visitor, allowed herself to sleep, instead of passing the night thinking of the times that were gone, and of those to come, with tears and sorrowful forebodings.

Ellwood returned to his own unbroken circle with feelings of renewed gratitude towards the kind Heavenly Father, in that he had been permitted to "pour the oil and the wine" of consolation and to bind up the wounds of his poor fellow-traveller. How bright his own home looked, with the cheerful face of his wife, the happy smiles of his children, and the clasping arms of the youngest to welcome him ! And as he sat down in his comfortable arm-chair in the midst of them, after supper, to read letters from two of his absent ones, he said in the fulness of his heart : "Surely, the lines of my life have fallen in pleasant places."



## CHAPTER X.

### LEM AND SALLY DAVIS

SALLY DAVIS was a colored woman who came regularly on every Second-day morning throughout the year to help with the family wash. She was a strong, stout, able-bodied woman, who expected to do hard work, and was rather impatient of the kindness which would not allow her to lift the heavy tubs of water by main force and dash the soapy stream into the gutters, or go out into the chill and frosty air to hang the clothes upon the line, without putting something over her shoulders and bare arms fresh from the warm suds.

She used to say, "La, honey, nothing never hurts me nohow," and it was only by constantly looking after her like a child, that she was made to take proper care of herself. Besides her regular wages, Mary Stewart used to give her meat, flour, vegetables, or fruit, and also a good deal of outgrown or partly worn clothing, carefully mended or made over before it went into her hands; for Sally had learned to use the needle late in life, and always considered sewing a task of no small magnitude. She would make great preparations, getting out a little, worn paste-

board box, where she expected to find a pair of old scissors with one point broken off, an immense brass thimble bought of a peddler, two or three needles, a spool of coarse cotton, and a tangle of black patent thread, of which she occasionally purchased a skein. Half the time she could not find them; but when she did, and the children were put to bed, and her tallow candle was stuck into an old tin candlestick without any lifter, and the fire was blazing up good and warm, and she had her patch ready to put on to the little garment which was only out of use when its owner was in bed, why then—Sally invariably fell asleep. She could sit straight up and sleep by the hour. Lem never disturbed her. “Poor soul,” he used to say, “’pears like she was tired,” and reaching over he would put out the candle, which was a luxury, not a necessity, the whole family generally going to bed by the light of the fire.

Sally’s wants were few, and she would have been quite able to provide for herself and children if she could have had the assistance of her husband; but he, poor fellow, had suffered terribly from rheumatic fever, and was now nearly helpless in consequence. He could use his arms pretty well, but one leg was so crippled that he could not walk without a crutch. He was a runaway. In the limited circle in which Sally and he visited he was politely called a “come-away.” He could tell a long story of hardship and abuse, of the longing for freedom and his steady purpose to obtain it, of his escape, his days spent in

marshes or woods, of his hunger, and worse still, of the thirst he endured ; of his travels by starlight for miles and miles, afraid to venture near a house lest the dogs should bark ; of two or three escapes when escape seemed almost impossible ; of his hearing “ if he got among the Quakers ” he would be safe ; and of his watching for a broad-brimmed hat after he found himself in a free State, and how he was directed to go to Mr. Stewart’s, and of how he went, according to his instructions, to the front door in great fear and knocked ; and how he asked if Mr. Stewart was at home, always adding : “ When I seed him, then I knowed I was all right.” And he *was* right, for that hospitable door had never turned on its hinges to exclude the fugitive. The poor fellow never would acknowledge his real name, though he had once told Ellwood, but took that of Lemuel Davis, by which he was generally known. He was sober and industrious, and Ellwood kept him on his own farm as a laborer, the only work he was fit for. Sally was a Maryland woman, who, having been set free at her master’s death, after a faithful service of twenty-eight years, made her way into Pennsylvania, and went to service at Ellwood’s a month or two before Lem’s arrival. She was six or eight years older than he, and the two apparently made so little account of each other, that Ellwood and Mary were both surprised when they presented themselves one evening, and asked if they could be spared to go to the squire’s to be married. Lem had on his usual



"go-to-meeting clothes," set off by an old bell-crowned hat, caved in on one side, but still wearing an aristocratic air as having formerly belonged to a gentleman. He also wore a dark red and blue plaid neckerchief tightly wound around his throat, which kept his head in a very uneasy position, but added greatly to the dignity of his appearance, and a white shirt prepared specially by Sally for this festive occasion. The bride rejoiced in a new calico dress, with balloon sleeves spreading away from her broad shoulders, making her size quite impressive. She also wore a large cape of thick barred muslin, and her own hair was pushed back as far as possible and surmounted by a set of curls which once belonged to her young mistress in Maryland, who having no further use for them, bestowed them on Sally, by whom they were treasured up for state occasions. As the happy pair stood before Ellwood, explaining their intentions, it seemed evident that Sally had taken the initiative, and that she expected to make a good wife to Lemuel and take care of him.

Ellwood Stewart had a small tenant house in the woods, where Lem and Sally went to housekeeping the next spring, and a more contented couple would be hard to find. Neither had ever before known what it was to have a home, and it seemed such a quiet neighborhood that Lem felt safe for the first time in his life.

Things were just as bright after he became a cripple. Sally never allowed any one to pity her. She



would say: "What's the difference, I'd like to know? I thinks a heap of my old man; he's 'nuff sight better'n some people's husban's." And he, on his part, had been so beaten about and abused in the old days—of which he bore many a mark—that to have some one to take care of and coddle him up was all he asked, and when his wife placed his chair in the sunshine and helped him to it he was happy.

Sally managed to keep her house pretty clean, and had her little things in good order. There stood her bureau, with cover white as snow, a small looking-glass above it; on the top were two cheap vases of colored glass, which in summer were filled with wild flowers, and in the winter with dried grasses, of which a full supply was provided by the children. There was always a fire on the hearth, and generally, a small earthen pitcher with a broken rim and the handle knocked off, was set near one corner of the chimney. This contained some bitter potion put on there to stew, or some "yerb" tea. Sally was great for "yerb teas" and "sassafrac," and often sent the children scouring through the woods or round the neighborhood for something of the sort.

In her garden she grew a few vegetables; none of which seemed to take kindly to the soil except the cabbages, of which she raised immense heads, to be proudly exhibited as tokens of her skill.

The Stewart children often came to see them; and Rebecca was a great favorite, particularly with the invalid, to whom she read the simple Bible

stories which touch the hearts of the unlearned and ignorant, as no others ever do. But whether she read of Bible hero or Bible saint, whether she read a hymn, or the small items of news gathered up for the "Village Record's" world in a nut-shell, Lem generally made the same comment, "That's mighty nice, Miss Becky."

When Ellwood proposed to give his daughter five dollars to spend for Sally Davis, immediately there rose before Rebecca's mind the vision of a pair of shoes for Henrietta Maria, who was at that moment running through the woods barefoot, caring nothing for the weather; a pair of trousers for Alexander, with real suspenders, in place of the tatters he wore hitched up by one strap; a new dress for the baby whom Rebecca herself had named Angeline, and who had such pretty shy eyes, and already knew her quite well; a shawl for Sally; and a new blanket for Lem, who was always hovering over the fire in the winter time, he was so cold. The older children were living "out at service," and were provided for at their respective "places."

Rebecca talked the matter over with her mother, who was as much interested in her plans as she could desire, and, without any attempt to discourage by telling her how insufficient she would find her funds for all these articles, asked what she thought the most needful among them. Rebecca could not tell which; so she concluded she had better see the whole family, and then she would be better able to

judge. She did not want Sally to know anything about her "secret" as she called it, as a great part of her pleasure consisted in imagining Sally's surprise and delight when presented with the things.

Accordingly, the first bright pleasant afternoon, the whole party, Rebecca, Jane, Lizzy, Patty and Ellwood started for the "woods" in high glee. Andy saw them coming along the path, running, jumping, skipping and kicking up the fallen leaves. He ran into the house with the news, and his mother came to the door immediately, with Angeline in her arms. "Come in, honey; come in, Miss Becky; come in, all of you; Lem, here's Miss Becky and the children;" then suddenly changing her voice, "You Andy, what you about thar? what you a starin' at? hain't you got no manners? give the young ladies some cheers." Using her "company" voice again, "Miss Becky, here's a cheer for you, and one for Miss Janey; here's a stool for you, Miss Lizzy, and Miss Patty'll have to set on the foot of the bed, I reckon. 'Pears like I hain't nuff cheers when quality comes." Sally had two voices, one for company or "quality" as she said, and one for home service among the children, which she used with great effect, alternately on such occasions as this.

Lemuel was sitting close by the fire that blazed cheerfully up the wide chimney, being supplied by the fallen branches of dead wood, which the children brought in. He was propped on two chairs, and it suddenly came before Rebecca's mind, how pleasant

a large easy chair would be for him, though she was sure it would cost a good deal of money—more than she had, perhaps ; “ but would it not be nice ? ”

The children were not still a minute, and Ellwood did not even sit down, but kept glancing admiringly at the little dark-skinned baby, who reached out her fat dimpled arms for Rebecca to take her, and it came across Rebecca’s mind, “ How pretty Angy would look with a nice calico dress, which I can make, and maybe some red beads around her neck. ” Then she doubled up Angy’s hand into a fist, which looked something like a horse-chestnut for size and color, and called Ellwood to come to her and see it. The fair child gazed upon the dark one, lovingly, then pressed his rosy lip upon the closed fingers, while he laughed and cooed to her.

The woods covered a large extent of ground, and a fence had been put across, which separated it into two portions—one, called the “ big woods, ” lay farther from the house ; while that part in which the house stood was called the “ little woods. ” Into the former the Stewart little children were never permitted to ramble by themselves on account of getting lost ; and though both were entirely safe otherwise, nothing could have tempted Patty to get over the fence even to gather a flower which bloomed on the other side ; she was not much acquainted with natural history, but had picked up an idea that lions, bears and copperhead snakes were all living on the far side of the fence, and that any little girl who went over

without protection from an older person, was in danger of her life. As she never explained a feeling which she supposed every one else shared, it was a long time before she ventured there alone.

Henrietta Maria, who was not in the house when they came, now ran in, and the children crowded round to see what she held in her hand; these proved to be five or six chestnuts; and all started off to see if they could find some more. Henrietta Maria took them to a tall chestnut-tree, fortunately within the limits of the "little woods," though at its extreme edge. Here they raked and scraped among the leaves, now and then picking up a nut, or finding an open burr filled with the prettiest, downiest, little brothers, all lying side by side; and shouts of "I've got one," "I found two close together, and here's another;" "Here's a burr, not opened;" "How many has thee?" and "Oh! oh!" from poor little Elly, who had tried to pick up a burr, went up all together. Presently there was a loud, quick call from Lizzy, "Come, come quick; here's the dearest little snake, and he'll be gone—do come." They all ran, but the snake would not wait, and was already some distance from the place where Lizzy had found it, under a piece of old fence-rail. It was gray, and they liked to see its pretty gliding motion. Even Patty was not afraid of any snake which might be on this side of the fence.



## CHAPTER XI.

### REBECCA TAKES COUNSEL

IN the meantime, while the children were enjoying their chestnut frolic, Rebecca read to Lemuel as usual, and tried to decide upon what she had better buy. So many things were needed, and so many would be nice, that the poor child really did not know where to begin. She was quite oppressed with the responsibility of spending five dollars to the best advantage, and ready to wish she had not underaken to do it, as she told her mother as soon as she returned.

There was company in the house, so that her mother had only time to give her a loving kiss, and promise assistance as soon as she was at leisure.

The very next day the mother took her sewing, and calling her little daughter to sit beside her, asked her how she could help.

"Why, mother," said Rebecca, "they want evèrything. Poor old Lem sits on a hard, straight chair, and has to put up his crippled leg on another, and mother, I think he just gets worse and worse; and Sally has no shawl only that old ragged brown one thee gave her, and it is hardly fit to wear now,



for she wraps it round Lem to keep him warm. Neither Retty nor Andy have any shoes—and I don't suppose they even think of stockings—and Andy's trousers and Retty's frock are all torn into jagers—”

“What are jagers, Rebecca?”

“Why, tatters, I suppose; but Retty said ‘jagers,’ and somehow it seemed worse than tatters, and her clothes are just hanging in great strips where they caught in the briars and bushes; Andy's are no better, and he has no coat at all. When he goes away from home, over to the store or anywhere, he has to put on an old one of his father's; and, mother, he does look too funny,” said Rebecca, laughing, and then suddenly beginning to cry. Her heart was so pitiful towards poor little Andy, whom she had seen two or three days before, going for a pound of sugar, six cents worth of tea, and a quart jug to be filled with molasses. His coat was threadbare, the sleeves were turned back, the collar came up to his ears, and the tails were within an inch or two of the ground; however, it kept him warm, and his eyes shone and his white teeth glistened as he started on his errand, for he had six quarts of chestnuts, which he was going to ask the store-keeper to take to Philadelphia with him to sell the next time he went in the big wagon. After a few little sobs, which the mother did not appear to notice, Rebecca began again in a low voice, “Retty hasn't any winter petticoat, for I asked her.”

Her mother considered a while, and then said, "It is quite right to feel sorry for the poor and help them all we can; but Lem and Sally do not feel exactly as thee would under the same circumstances. They are inured to the cold, and have at any rate the means of keeping up a warm fire all the time, as they may have as much wood as they want. And if poor Sally only knew how to sew, and could patch up a little, they would not be nearly so ragged. We must take care that Retty and Angy have a better opportunity for learning. For the present we must do as well as we can for them," continued she, "and if my little girl will be right earnest, patient, and industrious, perhaps we can make them comfortable for the winter. We must fit out Andy first, as he seems to be the worst off. I have some clothes, which Henry brought from school; he had outgrown them, and with a little alteration, I think they will do for Andy. If I cut and fit a coat, will thee stitch the seams? It will be hard work for a little girl that does not like to sew."

"Well, mother, I will try," was the reply; "but I can't work the button-holes, can I?"

"Even that may be learned," said the mother, with a smile. "But I shall try to cut so as to keep the buttons on, and button-holes in. The pantaloons will not need much to be done to them, and we will ask Nancy to help us."

"Mother, may Nancy work at the coat, and may I make the pantaloons?" said Rebecca, who did not

in the least fancy the job of sewing the hard, stiff cloth ; but the mother gravely said, " No, it is not at all proper to be benevolent at the expense of other people." Rebecca blushed at her own selfishness and gave up the point.

" Perhaps Janey will knit a pair of suspenders, real suspenders, to wear in place of that old strap."

" Thee may ask her," replied her mother. " Now the chair comes next." Rebecca was getting quite cheerful again ; " the way seemed to open " for so much to be done. " There is an old arm-chair in the garret, set away to be mended. It will have to be braced with an iron band. We will ask father about that ; and if he can make it firm and secure, we will take some hemp sheeting, cut it to fit the back and arms loosely, tack it around with nails, and stuff it with the tags of wool." (These tags were left, when the best was taken to be carded into long rolls and spun into yarn, which was woven into flannel and knit into stockings.) " Sally must give the tags another washing first."

" It must have a cover, too," said Rebecca.

" Yes, it must have a cover ; and that will have to be paid for out of thy money, for I have nothing suitable. Grace Sidney was here yesterday, while thee was away ; she had just come from the store, where, she tells me, there is a piece of new goods, called ' Domestic.' It was made with four threads of blue to two of white running into a stripe. She said it was not only pretty, but good and strong, and

could be washed without fading—Jenny Ellis had tried some with soft soap. It is lower-priced than calico, being only twenty-five cents a yard—we cannot get our linen woven for that. Let us see,” she continued, slowly, “I think it will take three yards to cover the back and front of the chair, allowing a piece to come below the cushion; another yard will cover both arms, and we may count upon a yard and a quarter for the cushion.”

“That makes five yards and a quarter,” said Rebecca; “that will be a dollar and a quarter, and seven cents more, I suppose; one dollar and thirty-two cents, for an easy chair. Oh, mother, what a nice woman thee is! I’m so glad thee’s *my* mother. I should never have contrived all this myself. We can just get everything, I do expect—Sally’s shawl, and Retty’s petticoat, and the baby’s dress, and maybe the beads, too.”

“The beads are easily managed, though we cannot get the red corals thee admires so much; at least, it would not be right to spend money for them. But there are those pretty seeds in the garden, ‘Job’s tears;’ why will not they do?”

“I never thought of them—so they will; and I mean to tie them with a piece of red ribbon, bought with my own money, not father’s, and they will be just as pretty. Mother, Angy has got four teeth and they are as white as white can be. Won’t she look pretty with the beads? I made a wreath of the beautiful leaves of the maple,

one day, and put it round her head, and she was just as sweet."

When Rebecca's tongue once started to talk about Angy, one never knew when it was going to stop. So her mother was obliged to interrupt her in order to take Henrietta Maria's skirt under consideration. When Rebecca's thoughts were brought back to the matter in hand, she said :

"Retty must need a thick petticoat ; hers is so thin: She says she isn't cold, but how can she help being? And, mother, I wish I could get a pocket-handkerchief for her, she never had one in her life—never a real good one, I mean, with her name marked ; and she just wipes her nose with the skirt of her dress ; and once I saw her take a corner of her mother's old brown shawl, and that isn't nice, mother, is it?"

"No, dear, it is not nice ; and the next time thee goes there, thee may take two or three pieces of old muslin and hem them for handkerchiefs, and try to teach Retty better habits ; but the child is not to be blamed for what she cannot help. There is an old saying, 'One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives,' and those who are very poor often fall into untidy habits because they have not the means of providing the little articles which we consider indispensable. I have no doubt that if thee was to ask Retty which she would rather have, a ribbon or a handkerchief, she would say a ribbon."

"So should I," said the truthful girl, "before yesterday ; because I never thought anything about



it—no more than if the handkerchiefs grew on the bushes where we spread them to dry.”

“We will now see what can be done about a skirt. Nancy is pretty tall, and there is an old linsey one of hers that she is ready to give away. Suppose we take that, turn it upside down, making a good hem around the part that is so little worn, cut off the bottom and gather it, and sew it to a waist; I have some pieces of linsey like it, and can make a waist of them, good and warm; and then Rebecca must try to work the buttonholes.”

“I will try,” she replied, “I guess they will not be so very hard to do, and they won’t show.”

“Never trust to that,” said her mother; “always do thy work *well*.”

“Now for the shoes,” said Rebecca. “Well, we cannot make the shoes ourselves; but when Philip Gawns comes around again, perhaps father will allow him to make some coarse, strong shoes for Retty and Andy, which will cost about a dollar a pair. Now, mother, I do think I might get Angy’s dress next, may I?”

“What will be done about Sally’s shawl?”

“I guess she will have to wait for the shawl; poor little Angy must have a dress, and I want it red—*bright* red.”

“It may as well be red as any color,” said the mother, “and after thee gets the coat done, thee may go over to the store and see what there is to be had.” And so the red flannel dress was decided upon;



but it cost so much, that there was but little left in Rebecca's hands, when she laid the account, which run thus, before her father :

5¼ yards domestic stripe, at 25 cents.....	\$1 31¼
2 pairs of shoes, \$1 00 each .....	2 00
1½ yards red flannel, 50 cents.....	75
	<hr/>
	\$4 06¼
Received for Sally Davis.....	5 00
	<hr/>
Balance due .....	93¾

“Well done, little woman,” said her father, to whom her mother had given an account of the whole proceedings—making special mention of Rebecca's faithfulness in sewing, a taste for which she did not possess, and was therefore the more to be commended, when she put aside her own inclination. “This is very well, indeed,” he said, “and what is to be done with the balance?”

“I don't know for certain,” was the reply of the pleased daughter, “but Retty and Andy have a good many chestnuts and walnuts; and we think, maybe, that Joseph Dunhower will take them to town when he goes in again; and if they sell pretty well, perhaps the money he gets for them, and these ninety-three cents, will buy a shawl for Sally. I wish it would,” she added. She had worked so hard for the family, that she had become very much interested in the homely details of their lives.

“Has Joseph been spoken to about this?”

"Yes," said Rebecca, "I spoke to him myself, and asked him to buy the shawl, if he had enough ; and a right pretty one, too, if he could, with bright colors. Father, it is not wrong to like bright colors, is it? Just look at the flowers ; and the brighter they are, the prettier they are."

"No, dear child, it is not wrong ; my taste, probably, would differ from thine ; but I was thinking," he said, with a little smile of amusement, "what a business-like turn my little daughter had taken ; and as she has conducted this affair so far creditably, I am ready to supply any deficiency in the means of purchasing this wonderful shawl. So thee may tell Joseph Dunhower from me, to get a good substantial one, and I will see that he is satisfied."

Joseph understood his business, and rejoiced Sally's heart by bringing an excellent "Waterloo" of bright scarlet, with fringes of the same. It was all that could be desired ; and Rebecca used to watch to see Sally flame up through the woods with it spread across her broad shoulders, the admiration of the whole congregation to which she belonged.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PRESENTATION.

**Y**OU want to know what they all said when Rebecca presented the things, do you?

They were all ready ; that is, the gifts were all ready the last evening of the old year. The chair had been brought down and mended by Ellwood Stewart's own hands. Mary had tacked the sheeting on and stuffed it with the tags of wool ; she also made the cushion, and the mother fitted and cut the covers. Now it was complete, and Ellwood was obliged to sit in it a while, to satisfy the children by pronouncing it all right. The coat and pantaloons were made, and Rebecca had rubbed up a set of brass buttons in order that they should look stylish. The skirt was turned, and really looked very substantial with a new waist, and the baby's dress was finished. Rebecca had bound the wrists and neck with a soft black silk, that the flannel might not chafe Angy's tender skin. The whole family by this time entered into the spirit of the affair. Mary made two white aprons, one for Henrietta Maria and one for Angeline. Nancy knitted a pair of long woollen stockings for Lemuel, and Janey a pair of

suspenders for Andy. Lizzie dressed a rag baby, over which she held a long consultation with Patty and Jane respecting its color. Should it be white or should it be black? White was finally decided upon as prettier and more convenient for pencilling in eyes, eyebrows, nose and lips, which it fell to Lizzie's lot to make. A black silk cap answered in place of hair.

Patty made a pincushion of red flannel, and her mother gave her pins to stick so as to make a large S for Sally. Patty thought it quite beautiful.

Several plans were proposed as to the manner of presenting these gifts. Patty suggested that each should carry something, and all would rush into the house together. Lizzie replied that they could not carry the chair. Some one said the man might carry the chair. Then it was found that the man was going to church several miles away, and would not return until the afternoon. Some thought of one way and some of another. Their father and mother listened to them as they planned and contrived, but seemed unable to settle upon anything.

When the little chatterboxes paused, their father said: "Suppose we take the 'Red Rover,' pack the chair and all you little ones in with your bundles, and Elly and I drive over the fields. Will that do?"

"Oh, father, do, do! That is so nice, and that is the very plan!" came from the lips of the smiling little girls. The "Red Rover" was a large sleigh painted a bright red, which was used in the winter,

when the snow was on the ground, to carry the grain to and the flour from the mill, and for many other purposes about the farm, often taking the place of a wagon. The morning of the new year came clear and bright, and though there was not much snow upon the ground, there was enough for the "Red Rover" to cross two or three fields and run a short way upon the woodland path. Ellwood put the chair in the ample sleigh, packed the little girls and their bundles around it, sat down in the chair, and taking Elly on his lap and the reins in his hands, drove through the big farm-yard gate and across the fields. He had directed the man to put the bars cut of the way the evening before, as there was no stock to wander off.

He knew very well that Rebecca would rather he would not go into the house, for she wanted to see what Sally would say, and was afraid she would not act naturally before her father. So he set the children, the chair and the bundles down at the corner of the house, and taking Elly upon the back seat, which had been left in on purpose, turned his horses and drove homeward. He had no bells, and it so happened that no one saw or heard him, or knew the company was at the door. Rebecca arranged her small procession. She and Jane were to walk in, carrying the chair between them; and Rebecca had a little speech ready. Lizzy and Patty were to follow immediately after and stand behind her, as soon as they could close the door. They knocked, and



Sally's voice said, "Walk in." They walked in, the chair between them. Rebecca intended to say:

"Dear friends, Lemuel and Sally Davis, we have brought you some tokens of our esteem and affection, and we all wish you a happy New Year." What she *did* say was: "Here's a chair for Lem;" and as the others followed, "There's some more things for the rest."

Lem was sitting by a blazing fire, his wife's old brown shawl wrapped about his shoulders, toasting his legs and luxuriating in the warmth on one side of him, but shivering with cold on the other—his poor old blood was so thin, and never warmed by exercise. He slowly turned his head when he heard Rebecca's voice; and as the chair was brought into view, his face beamed with delight.

"Dat for me, Miss Becky?"

"Yes, Lem, it is for thee; and see what a nice, soft cushion there is, and a warm back and arms for thee to lean against."

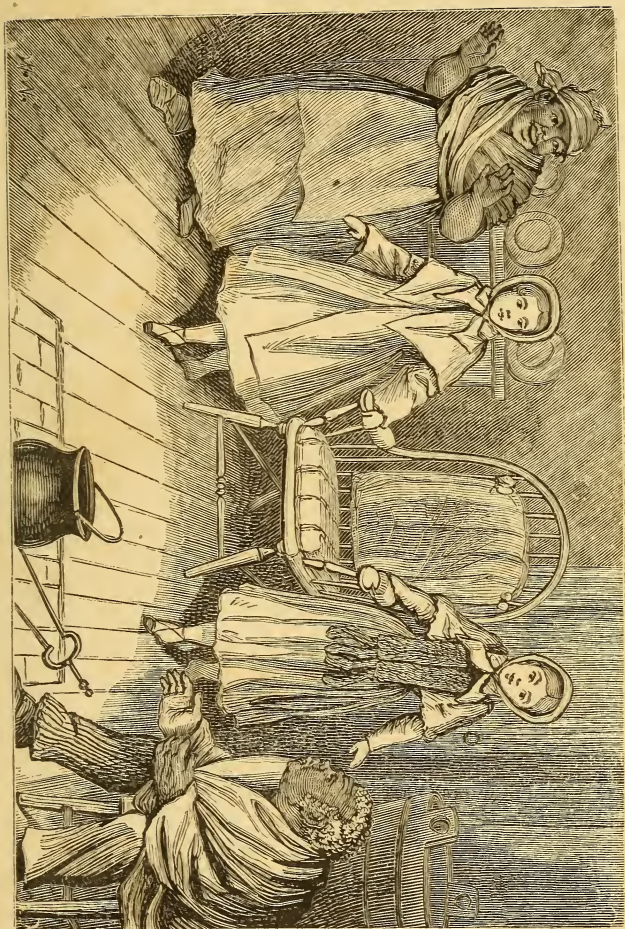
"It's mighty nice, Miss Becky," said Lem, as he gazed admiringly at the chair. "You's a good chile. I know'd little missy wouldn't forgit de ole man."

"Won't thee try it now, Lem? Father said it was just right."

"Yes, it's mighty nice, mighty nice, missy; but it 'pears like I can't get up very well this mornin'; I've sich a misery in my back."

The children, however, were so desirous of seeing





"DAT FOR ME MISS BECKY."



him fairly installed in his new possession, that Sally told him she "would histe him up," which she easily did in her strong arms, and supported him on his feet, while the old chair was taken away and the new one substituted, the poor patient cripple making no complaint at his forced position, but sinking back with such an air of relief, that they were glad the change was safely over. He was a man of few words and could only say, "It's mighty nice, Miss Becky; thank you, thank you. I know'd you wouldn't forgit the ole man." Then leaning back, he allowed himself to simmer off into a doze, while Rebecca unfastened a bundle and distributed its contents. First came the coat and pantaloons, upon which the glittering buttons principally attracted Andy's attention, so that he giggled and giggled, showing his white teeth and rolling his eyes around, till his mother brought him to order:

"You Andy, tell the young ladies you's mightily obligated, and den go up-stars and put on that thar coat, and them trousers, instead of starin' at them like as you never seed nothin' afore."

Andy willingly obeyed, particularly as it gave him the opportunity of cutting a few capers by way of venting his feelings. The first thing he did was to turn heels over head three times; then he laid the articles on a "chist" with the buttons in full view; but finding further expression necessary, he turned over again, and standing on his head, rattled his heels against the wall. Then he resumed his

usual position, and looked at himself in each button, making faces all the time. This concluded, he indulged himself by dancing Juba vehemently, patting with both hands to keep time, a proceeding which brought up his mother.

“You Andy! what’s you ’bout thar? Get dressed right smart and come down-stairs, or I’ll be arter you with a stick and put away your close in the chist, where you can’t get ’em—foolin’ that way when quality’s in the house.”

Thus admonished, he restrained himself, and putting on his new apparel, which effectually sobered him, he was so fully impressed by his dignity, and by the fact that he actually was wearing a pair of real suspenders, that he felt as if he was “goin’ to meetin’,” and dared not exhibit any levity. Putting on the new shoes, he could not forbear walking to the window, under pretence of looking out, in order that he might hear them “squeak.”

In the meantime, Rebecca had dressed the baby, and Henrietta had assumed the garments provided for her, Sally laughing, smiling, scolding and praising, all in a breath.

“La, Miss Becky, if you don’t beat all. I al’ays said missis had the bes’ chillens ever was. You Henrietta Maria, why don’t you thank Miss Becky and Miss Lizzy, and Miss Janey and little Miss Patty? they’re a heap too good to you; come yer till I button yer waist. Lem says to me this mornin’, says he, ‘I’ll be boun’ Miss Becky’ll be here afore

noon, and bring me somethin' ;' but la ! chile, I thought he was jes talkin'. Now, here you be, sure nuff. That's a mighty nice cheer." Lem was rousing up a little, and caught the last words.

" Hi ! ole woman, I know'd Miss Becky would not forgit me ; an' you may have all the bed to yourself, now. I'm goin' to set in this cheer. I'm so com-for'ble. I don't want no bed no mo'. Thank you, missy, thank you ;" and again Lemuel subsided.

Poor Henrietta was so abashed that she had nothing to say. She could have talked fast enough, if her mother had not been by, urging her to have "some manners, couldn't she?" Sally, however, made up for all ; and at length Angeline was set down, red-frocked, white-aproned and beaded ; her pretty eyes shining, and her two white little teeth showing, " Oh, so sweet," as Rebecca said, when she kissed her.

Sally had talked incessantly, and expressed so many thanks, that Rebecca began to feel a little queer about giving her the shawl—not knowing Sally's capabilities for bearing any more. It had been put aside, and entirely escaped her observation. Now Rebecca untied the string, took off the wrappings, produced the brilliant-hued article, unfolded and refolded it, so as to bring the corners together, gathered it up in her hands and threw it across the broad shoulders.

Then Sally was dumb. Like the queen of Sheba before Solomon, "there was no more spirit left in



her." She did the most unexpected thing. Taking Lemuel's vacated chair and placing it close beside him, she sat down in perfect silence, rigid and upright; the shawl surpassed her brightest dream. For an instant none of the children knew what to say or do; but Lizzy, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, began to laugh, and this of course started the others. Henrietta Maria, Andy, and even the baby joined in—not one of them knowing what they were laughing at—and Sally returned to common life.

The blessings which she and Lemuel showered upon the children were too earnest and sincere to be lightly recorded; but I will try to copy the words of a hymn—"hyme," they called it—which they sung for the little girls before they went home. You cannot imagine the mournful, pathetic cadence of the chorus, which always thrilled through Rebecca's nerves when she heard it—the pathos of imprisonment and slavery, reaching afar off towards thanksgiving and praise.

## I.

And who are these that are robed in white?

Come and see,

Come and see.

The voice of the Lord says, Come and see.

They must be the children of the Israelite,

Come and see,

Come and see.

The voice of the Lord says, Come and see.

Come and see,

Come and see.

The voice of the Lord says, Come and see.



## II.

They pass over Jordan's rolling tide,  
Come and see, etc.  
The blessed Master walks by their side,  
Come and see, etc.

## III.

For these are they that passed through the flood,  
Come and see, etc.  
And all the hosts of Pharaoh withstood,  
Come and see, etc.

## IV.

And who are these that stand at the gate?  
Come and see, etc.  
The Lord's patient people that stand and wait,  
Come and see, etc.

## V.

There is room in heaven for you and me,  
Come and see, etc.  
Where all shall be white, and all shall be free;  
Come and see, etc.

The children left Sally rejoicing in her new shawl, and Lemuel revelling in the warmth and elasticity of his chair where he could change his position by placing his hands on the arms, and lifting himself a little, a luxury he had not known since he became so crippled.

It was nearly dinner-time when they reached home, and there they found Robert and William, who came together, intending to stay a few days. Henry and Sarah had no vacation at their school, or they would

have liked to have joined the merry group ; but they were not forgotten. The mother packed a large box full of nuts and cakes, which she sent to them by the stage.

Time passed on rapidly ; there was a good deal of sewing to be done, and many visitors ; among whom the most frequent was Charles Hilton.

It was not until the middle of the second month that Mary brought a manuscript to her father, containing the story of Catherine Evans and Sarah Cheevers. The weather was cold and blustering ; so they all liked to sit in the warm and cheerful room and listen—Elly quietly building a fence around his sheep, with some little wooden blocks.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE STORY OF CATHERINE EVANS AND SARAH CHEEVERS.

IN the 14th chapter of Corinthians the 34th and 35th verses run thus: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they desire to learn anything, let them ask their own husbands at home; for it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church."

Paul probably used these words in relation to the women of Corinth who, out of curiosity, vanity, or the desire for admiration, had made themselves unduly conspicuous, by proposing questions which were more likely to lead to confusion than to edification. Let this exhortation be addressed to whom it may, it is not likely he meant to forbid such women as Priscilla, the wife of Aquilla, who, with her husband, accompanied Paul, and joined with him in "setting forth the way of the Lord more fully" to Apollos, an "eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures." Nor did he intend to censure the "four daughters of Philip who prophesied." And he certainly did not

imply that Tryphena, Tryposa, or "Persis the beloved, who labored much in the Lord," were not doing so properly and with good effect.

Women are the first teachers. The mother is the first teacher that the new-born immortal knows, and it is simply impossible to tell where her sphere of action begins or where it ends. Jesus never implies an inferiority on the part of woman, she who was "last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

The emotional and sympathetic nature of women peculiarly fits them for teaching, as experience proves, and why should they not exercise their gifts?

The "Friends," in advance of other religious societies, early admitting this truth, have made no attempt to place restrictions on the sex, but have rather aided the development of all spiritual gifts in woman as well as in man. To this end they have not only allowed her to participate in the outward government of the church, but she is called to a more extended sphere of usefulness as a teacher or as a missionary, and is assisted to perform her duty as shown to her by the light in her own mind.

We first hear of Catherine Evans and Sarah Cheevers—two devoted women friends and companions—as travelling in Scotland in the year 1654, but no particular incidents of their journey are mentioned. In 1658 we hear of them again: they had taken passage in a ship sailing from Plymouth to Leghorn, their voyage lasting thirty-one days. They found some of their own friends and countrymen at Leg-

horn; among whom they distributed books and advice, as occasion offered, without apparently giving any offence. From here they took passage in a Dutch vessel, bound for Alexandria, as they understood; but the master of the ship, falling in with another vessel going to Malta, concluded to accompany it, though, as the account states, "he had no business there." Catherine became very much distressed, as she had good reason to be, at such a prospect, knowing that in all human probability her sufferings would be great. "Oh!" said she to her companion, "we have a dreadful cup to drink at that place." As the ship sailed into the harbor of this beautiful island she stood on the deck looking at the people swarming upon the walls to see the vessels come in, and wondered in her heart if they would destroy her and her friend, when an inward voice breathed into her consciousness: "If we give up to the Lord, he is sufficient to deliver us out of their hands; but if we disobey our God, all these could not deliver us out of His hands." And with that consciousness *all fear of man was taken away.*

At that time the island of Malta belonged to Roman Catholics, and was governed and controlled by the order of St. John of Jerusalem, a monastic society. These societies were bigoted and cruel, using all the allurements and persuasions in their power in order to induce persons to join their church; but failing that, they used the harshest means to



frighten them into doing so. Catherine well knew the bitter persecution she was likely to encounter.

The next day, the first of the week, Catherine and Sarah went on shore and were met by the English consul, who asked them what they came there for. They answered and gave him some of their books, then accepted his kindly invitation to come to his house. Many persons came to see them, and listened respectfully while they spoke of the things pertaining to salvation. At night the two women returned to the vessel to sleep. The next day they went into the city again and visited the governor, who told them that he had a sister in the nunnery who was desirous of seeing them. They of course were glad of the opportunity of getting access to the nuns, to whom they distributed a number of books, to which no objection seemed to be made. They were accompanied by a priest, and as they passed through the chapel, he desired them to bow before the high altar, a mark of reverence which they refused as idolatrous. They were allowed to go out and make their way to the English consul's, under whose protecting roof they remained for several weeks ; but we may be sure the offence was neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Once, Catherine went into a church during the time of worship, and kneeling down she began to pray. The priest who officiated put off his surplice, and kneeling near her, remained so until she had finished. Probably neither understood the language of the other, and the priest took her for a pilgrim

worshipping at holy shrines, for at the close of her prayer he offered her a coin, which she refused ; so he put it into the hand of her faithful companion, who, supposing it was meant as alms, handed it to him again and showed him her own purse, which was amply supplied for themselves and for others if need be. Interested in their appearance, the priest endeavored to learn who and what they were—Calvinists, Lutherans, or Catholics—to which they replied, they “were true Christian servants of the living God.” The people around were also very curious to learn what it all meant, but abstained from any rudeness or incivility.

Some time after they went to another church or cathedral at the time of the administration of the sacrament. The splendor of the building, the pomp of the service, the lights and the music, so affected them that they stood weeping and trembling so violently that they disturbed the congregation, many of whom were afraid of them and shrank away. At length, unable to restrain their feelings, they went out, still weeping and trembling, through the streets, where they were looked upon with wonder if not suspicion.

All this time they remained at the house of the consul, who was bound to protect the English. He did not understand their mission, but endeavored to keep them under his own roof ; never willingly suffering them to go out, though the governor made no objection. They became suspicious of the consul,

and told him that they were afraid something to their prejudice was in agitation, adding, that "Pilate would do the Jews a service, and yet wash his hands in innocency." He, in turn, declined to believe that *they* were messengers of truth, and the controversy ended with a remark from one of the women: "It will be well with us, but it will not be well with thee."

It seems their suspicions were well founded. One day the consul's wife brought some food. On her entrance Catherine says she "was smitten as with an arrow to the heart," a voice telling her, "she hath obtained her purpose," by which it appears that the duplicity of the consul was owing to his wife; but our information upon this point is not clear.

Catherine could not eat, she could only weep and pray. With all her fortitude, all her devotion, she was but a poor, weak woman, and dreaded bodily suffering as we dread it. The consul came and told her "the INQUISITION had sent for Catherine Evans and Sarah Cheevers on account of letters received from Rome," adding that he did hope they would not be detained. The consul spoke falsely, as they afterwards learned, for he knew then that a room had already been prepared for them in the prison of the Inquisition; and they also learned that the consul might easily, and by virtue of his official position was bound to have sent his unwilling guests away before the shadow of the "black rod" had ever fallen upon them.

The Inquisition, or "Holy Office," was a tribunal instituted by the Roman Catholic Church for the discovery, repression, and punishment of heresy, unbelief, and other offences against religion. Its officers were called inquisitors, whose special duty it was to discover and prosecute offences of this class.

The proceedings of the inquisition are so different from those of any other court in the civilized world that I must tell you something about them. Any person who was suspected of heresy, that is, of an opinion not in accordance with the Catholic Church, was liable to be arrested and put into prison, and there kept until it suited the judges to bring him to trial. Many were kept for years without knowing of what they were accused. The proceedings were conducted secretly. A man was not confronted with his accusers, and very often did not even know who they were. The evidence of an accomplice of theirs was admissible, and as if even this were not enough, the person accused might be put to torture in order to extort a confession of guilt; after which he might be imprisoned for life or put to death, at the will and pleasure of the inquisitors, who were often very bad men, and used their power for their own wicked and selfish purposes. It is no wonder that two women in a strange country where they never intended to go should dread this fearful prison, from which they could scarcely hope to escape with their lives, and that they should reproach the consul, who,

false to them and false to himself, allowed this injury to be inflicted upon his countrywomen when he might have saved them.

An inquisitor with his black rod (the badge of his office), the chancellor, and consul, accompanied Catherine and Sarah, who were to be examined by the lord inquisitor himself. He asked many questions as to what new light this was of which they talked, and how did this light come to be lost since primitive times? The women replied that it was no *new* light. It was the same light the prophets and apostles had borne testimony to. It was given to all men, but they did not heed it by reason of the dark night of apostacy which had overspread the world. The lord inquisitor did not argue or attempt to convince them of error. He took a shorter method, and simply told them they must change their minds and obey man or they would be punished by man. They replied, they could not change their minds, and with regard to the punishment meekly added, "The Lord's will be done."

The inquisitor and consul went away, leaving the unprotected women in the custody of the "man with the black rod" and the keeper of the prison, who put them into a small inner room which had only two holes instead of windows to admit light and air. The place was so hot that they feared they would suffocate. The winter climate of Malta is delightful; but in summer the heat is extreme, and the bright light reflected from the limestone rocks is apt to in-



jure the sight. The vine and the olive grow there, figs and oranges. Malta is the place where St. Paul was shipwrecked ; but as the account states, which you may find in the latter part of Acts, he was more kindly treated than our poor Friends, who were deprived of their liberty and made miserably uncomfortable so far as regarded their bodies.

It was not long until they were again brought up for examination, no one being allowed to counsel or assist them. But there was an invisible Power near upon whose mighty arm they rested, and he never failed them, as he has never failed any trusting, faithful child who seeks to do his will.

On this occasion they were asked their names, the names of their husbands, the number of children they had, what was the name of their parents, and finally, *why* they came there. To the last inquiry they courageously replied, they "were servants of the living God," and had come in obedience to his command to call them to repentance.

On the third examination, the English consul being present, the friends were separated from each other, and Sarah was put upon trial alone. She was asked if she was a true Catholic, but endeavored to evade the direct question, replying that she was a true Christian, worshipping God in spirit and in truth. Upon this a crucifix was held before her, and she was told to swear upon it that she would speak the truth. She refused to swear, reminding her accusers that Christ had said, "Swear not at all."

The consul joined in the attempt to persuade her, assuring her that none should do her any harm. It was all in vain ; she knew in whom she trusted, and would not allow herself to be moved from understanding the words as a literal and plain command.

She was asked about her books, about George Fox and other matters. Then again, *why* did she come? How did the Lord appear unto her ; and how did she know what the Lord required at her hands. To the last question she replied, "Since the Lord signified to me that his living presence should go with me, I have found him to perform his promise : for I do feel his living presence."

Two days after this, Catherine was called upon to go through a similar ordeal, the inquisitors offering the crucifix with the command to swear to speak the truth, to which she replied, with quiet dignity, "*I shall* speak the truth, for I am a witness for God ; but I will not swear, since a greater than any magistrate has said, 'Swear not at all ; but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay : for whatsoever is more, cometh of evil.'"

One of the inquisitors said, "You must obey the justice, and he commands you to swear."

She returned, "I shall obey justice ; but if I should swear, I should do an unjust thing : for the just Christ said, 'Swear not at all.'"

She was asked many questions with regard to her belief in Christ, to all of which she answered fully and freely, being glad probably of the opportunity

of doing so. You may remember that it was her intention to go to Alexandria, and she was now asked what she would do there, or what she would do if she went to Jerusalem. She had but one reply to make: she would do the will of God, and if he opened her mouth to call the people to repentance, she would speak as she was bidden. She was then asked a question, which should never have come from a Christian's lips, as to whether she did see the Lord. She quietly answered in the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria, "God is a Spirit: he is spiritually discerned."

It was the old fable of the wolf and the lamb. It is no matter how meekly the lamb replies to the wolf, when the wolf thirsts for its blood. Probably no submission on the part of Catherine and Sarah, short of an entire renunciation of their principles, would have satisfied this arrogant court. The consul, who does not seem to have foreseen the effect of his double-dealing on them, came to them, and with tears in his eyes told them he was as sorry for them as for his own flesh. If this was true, he could not do anything to assist them, or undo the mischief, as the matter had passed out of his hands. It was said that he had received money from the authorities for delivering them up; and now he had become possessed by a slavish fear of some calamity befalling him, so that he could enjoy nothing.

## CHAPTER XIV.

CATHERINE EVANS AND SARAH CHEEVERS CONTINUED.

IT seems to have been a regular part of the proceedings of this tribunal, to call up the prisoners day after day, sometimes asking trivial questions, sometimes those more serious; but steadily and persistently wearing out the patience of the most forbearing, until some inadvertent admission, or some apparent discrepancy, gave it a hold upon its victim, never to be loosened without a death-struggle.

The next examination was cruelly severe; threats were freely used; and after a long series of questions on the part of the inquisitors, and answers on that of the women, the latter were told that they *must* agree to certain doctrines under penalty of losing body and soul, otherwise the Pope would not set them at liberty for millions of gold. The meek reply was, "The Lord hath provided for our souls, and our bodies are freely given up to serve him." They were reviled and ridiculed; told that every one was laughing at and mocking them; but laughter and mockery could not move their steadfast souls. They were threatened with imprisonment for life,

between the dreary walls of the inquisition, and told that this was done for their own good. They answered, "The Lord hath not committed the charge of our souls to the Pope, nor to you: he hath taken them into his own possession. Glory be to His name forever." The constancy and firmness of these two women must have commanded admiration, but won no favor from the hard-hearted friar, who had them in charge, determined to compel them to submit to Romish rule. For this purpose it was necessary that the body should be made to suffer until it begged for relief. Catherine and Sarah, free-born English women, were entitled to the protection of their consul, being charged with no crime. They were locked up in a room so hot that it was thought impossible for them to live long in it, nor could they have lived, if they had not been sustained by a Power greater than their own. In addition to the heat, they were annoyed by swarms of gnats, which stung them so severely that, what with the irritation and the great heat, their faces were swollen as if by small-pox, so that persons were afraid to come near them.

More examinations, and these were so frequent, and continued so long, that the poor exhausted Catherine became ill, so that she was confined to her bed for a couple of weeks; during which time, she was visited by two friars, the chancellor and the "inquisitor with the black rod." Sarah was ordered to go out of the room by one of the friars, who

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talked in a rude, angry manner to Catherine, growing more harsh until he threatened her with blows. She was no coward, weak and defenceless as she was, so replied: "Thou art not of the apostles' doctrine, for they were no strikers." He did not strike her, though he had the will to do so; perhaps he was restrained by the presence of the others. He told her that he had brought a physician to see her, out of charity, as she was ill. She answered, "The Lord is my Physician and saving health." Infuriated by this independence with regard to him and the help he offered, he savagely told her, that she and her friend would be whipped, then burnt, that very night; and still Catherine answered, "I do not fear: the Lord is on our side; thou hast no power but what thou hast received, and if thou dost not use it to the end for which God gave it to thee, the Lord will judge thee."

These words, with her undaunted bearing—for well she knew the friar used no idle threat—so confounded friar, chancellor and inquisitor, that they retired, leaving her alone. The uneasy friar sought out Sarah, and complained to her that Catherine had called him a worker of iniquity.

"Did she?" said Sarah; "and art thou without sin?"

"Yes," the friar replied, he was.

"Then," said Sarah, quaintly, "she hath wronged thee."

They never knew exactly what was intended; but,

late that evening, they were startled by the beating of the drum, and a proclamation made at the prison gate which they thought might be to carry the friar's threat into execution immediately; but the night passed without further alarm. In the morning the drums were again heard, and guns fired, which they supposed to be the signals of the hour of their sacrifice, for which they had been looking ever since they were put in prison—being fully resigned, ready to die the most painful death, if their dear Lord and Master so pleased to permit; but the hour passed on, and the sacrifice had not been required.



## CHAPTER XV.

CATHERINE EVANS AND SARAH CHEEVERS CONTINUED.

CATHERINE'S illness continued for a long time, and a physician attended her. He, too, tried to convert her from her own faith. He would kneel down by her side to pray; and when he found his prayers unavailing, he threatened her with the most awful punishment, such as it is not in the power of man to conceive; and then he would become enraged that his reasonings, prayers and threats were alike powerless to move her steadfast soul. Catherine was so ill that Sarah was obliged to contemplate the probability of parting with her; in which case, she knew her own sufferings would be far greater. Yet even in this strait, she found herself submissive to the will of the Lord; willing, too, that Catherine should be released from her trials, and go to rest in her eternal home, "where the wicked cease from troubling." Doubtless sweet visions rose before the mind of the weary traveller, of the New Jerusalem, where it is promised, "Behold! the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things have passed away." And she remembered the promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things ; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

Sarah's faith was not to be so sorely tried. Her faithful friend and companion began to grow better, though it seems little short of a miracle that she should, in the close and stifling atmosphere which they breathed. The room was so exceedingly hot that they were fain to rise from the bed and lie on the floor, with their mouths at the chink of the door, in order to get a breath of purer air. Their skins were parched, their hair fell off, and they often fainted.

They wrote to the inquisitor, complaining of this hot room. Instead of being sorry for them, he was angry, and took away their inkstand. He had taken their Bibles before ; and now, when he was remonstrated with, on account of taking away their private property, as a needless severity, he told them they, their goods, and their lives, too, belonged to the inquisition.

Unable to make any impression on the minds of these two women, who lovingly supported each other as sisters in the truth, it was concluded to try the effect of separation. Catherine in anguish took Sarah's arm, and clinging to her, made a pitiful appeal : "The Lord hath joined us together, and woe be to those who would separate us. I had

rather die with my friend here, than part from her." The incensed friar left them together, and for five weeks their door was never opened. Then the doctor said, Catherine must have air or die. The door was then set open for six hours a day, until such time as Catherine should be better, which was in about ten weeks more.

A third attempt was made to separate them, which was successfully carried out, as the monks insisted that "they corrupted each other;" and that if they were parted, they would learn to yield to monastic authority; but, as the account adds, "the monks saw themselves disappointed; for the women were afterwards stronger than before, the Lord fitting them for every condition."

Some, not all, of these friars and monks no doubt honestly believed it to be their duty to force their own religious opinions upon the unwilling strangers, as otherwise they could not be saved, just as we snatch a little child from the fire, in which it does not see the danger. We must remember this, or we, too, shall be uncharitable.

Threats having proved unavailing, it was determined that a different plan should be tried. Possibly the inquisition was afraid to proceed to extremities with English women; for Englishmen were powerful on the seas, and would have been likely to resent any insult from another nation, though they themselves were sometimes very hard upon the poor Quakers.



The monks said to these women, "All our holy women do pray for you, and you shall be honored of all the world if you will but turn to us." Then it would be represented to them, "that a small compliance on their part was all that was needed, but that they would do nothing at all."

Interview after interview, examination after examination, succeeded each other; but to no effect. An attempt being made to induce Sarah to bow before the crucifix, she refused to even look at it, saying: "The Lord saith 'thou shalt not make unto thyself the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow to them, nor worship them, for I, the Lord, am a jealous God.'" Upon this, the friar called for irons to chain her; she bowed her head towards him, and said, "not my hands and feet only, but my neck also, for the testimony of Jesus." The friar did not put the chains on her; perhaps he did not intend to do more than frighten her.

At the time of their imprisonment, the building in which the inquisition was held needed some repairs, and, perhaps, additions. The workmen were employed upon it for about eighteen months; during which, many persons of consequence visited the place, giving the women opportunities which they were not slow to embrace, of speaking to them of the truths in which they believed, and for which they were ready to lay down their lives. The monks, of

course, were unwilling to allow this, and frequently threatened them, but to no purpose. They spoke fearlessly of the "light of Christ" as shown unto them. Probably the monks would have done more than threaten, but the lord inquisitor and the magistrates were more lenient; the former giving orders that pen, ink, and paper should be given to them again, and that they should be allowed to write to their friends in England. Indeed, it was thought that they would have been liberated if the monks would have agreed; but the monks "worked mightily against it," and to them was attributed the order for their separation, one of them telling Catherine that she and Sarah "should never see each other's faces again."

Poor Catherine continued an invalid, and her sickly appetite refused the coarse and meagre fare of the prison. One of the more merciful of her jailors asked Sarah if she would prepare food for her friend. She gladly complied, and was also willing to wash all her linen, by which means they contrived to communicate with each other every day. In this time of distress the friar one day said to Catherine: "You may free yourself from misery when you like. You may make yourself a Catholic and go where you will." Adding eagerly: "I would lose one of my fingers to have you join the church." Day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year were these poor women subjected to this severe imprisonment as to their bodies, while they

were tempted by every specious argument which could be presented to them by men versed in the ways of the human heart, to deny their faith. Wearied by their persistency, Sarah once exclaimed : " I won't be a Catholic ! I will not turn, though you tear me to pieces ! I believe the Lord will enable me to endure it ! "

And what about the husbands and children left in the dear English homes ? Doubtless these two women, who were so faithful and affectionate towards each other, remembered the still closer ties which bound them to their families ; doubtless they remembered the soft clasp and the loving, earnest eyes of those little children into whose faces they might never look again, with yearning affection ; but they loved the Lord more, and they felt that his presence was around and about them, nearer and dearer than loving husband or child, and stronger to lean upon. They knew that He pitied and would take care of them, and for His dear sake they were willing to give up all else. It was wonderful to see how fear was taken away from the poor weak women, one so ill and both so suffering.

Sarah was told that she should be put where " she could see neither sun nor moon," probably a dungeon where many other poor creatures were languishing, as she well knew ; but her faith was unflinching. She replied : " You cannot separate me from the love of God, in Christ Jesus, put me where you may." Another threat she answered with, " Though thou

hast the inquisition, with all the countries around about it, on thy side, and I am alone, I do not fear thee. If there were thousands more against me, the Lord is on my right hand, and the worst mine enemies can do is to kill the body."

The monk said she should never go out of that room alive, to which she courageously replied: "The Lord is sufficient to deliver me; but whether he will or no, I will not forsake the living fountain to drink from a broken cistern." The monk used every effort to intimidate her in vain, and, furious at his want of success, ran to the lord inquisitor, who only laughed at him for attempting it.

We talk of men being brave on the field of battle, where they are excited by the commotion around them, by the beating of the drum, by the bursts of triumphant music, by the cheers of their fellow-men, and by the hope of fame, the brilliancy of glory. They become reckless of danger, and leap like tigers on their prey, feeling nought and caring for nought in the wild rush of the furious tide of passion surging through the veins. This half-animal courage cannot compare with the calm endurance which enabled these fearless and noble women, to walk unflinchingly their thorny path with their eyes often turned towards the fiery trial of stake and fagot which threatened them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

CATHERINE EVANS AND SARAH CHEEVERS CONTINUED.

IN order that no means for the conversion of Catherine and Sarah should be left untried, the next step taken was of a different kind. To understand its force you must remember how coarse and scanty the prison fare was, and unlike that to which they had been accustomed. A friar bringing two fat hens came to Catherine's room and told her the lord inquisitor had sent them with his love. She answered, she would accept the love, but would rather pay for the hens, as she did not wish to be an expense to any one while she had money of her own. The friar would not listen to her refusal ; but when he found she was firm, charged her with pride in not being willing to take what was given to her in charity.

"What kind of charity is this," said Catherine, "that keeps us in prison?"

"It is for the good of your souls," the friar replied.

"Why should your love extend to us more than your own families?" said Catherine, "for they commit all manner of sin which you cannot charge us



with doing. Why don't you put them in the inquisition and bid them turn?"

To this he had no answer to make except that she was not of the true faith. He left the room, but had not yet finished with regard to the hens. He now carried them to Sarah, whom he told that Catherine was sick, and the lord inquisitor having sent the chickens, Catherine would like her to dress one to-day and the other to-morrow, that she might have them to eat. Sarah, too, was circumspect. She would not trust the friar's word, and declined cooking the fowls until she knew more about them; so the friar carried them both away, saying: "You want to be burnt, because you would make the world believe that you did love God so well as to suffer in that kind."

When Catherine afterwards heard this she remarked: "I do not desire to be burnt; but if the Lord should call me to it, I believe he would give me strength to endure it for his truth, and if every hair of my head was a body I could offer all up for the testimony of Jesus."

At one time Sarah was offered her liberty if she chose to go and leave her friend alone in the prison whose walls separated them already. It seems incredible that they should have kept so long their steady course unmoved, when threats and promises were so freely lavished. It is probable that the undaunted spirit with which they met both, their talents and quiet wit, displayed in many an argument

held with the monks, together with their earnest devotion, compelled admiration from those who persecuted them, so that they would have rejoiced over their conversion, and perhaps canonized them as saints.

They were sometimes able to receive communications from each other ; we are not told how, and can only suppose that at the time the account was written, from which this narrative is taken, it would have been unsafe to tell.

Once, a letter from Catherine to Sarah being intercepted, in which she mentioned, "it was much if they were not to be tempted with money," Catherine was asked if she wrote that letter

"Yes," she replied.

"Did you, indeed?" said the monk. "And what did you say of me?"

"Nothing but what was true," replied Catherine. Upon which the friar, unable to daunt her, tried to make her confess the channel by which their letters passed. He did not succeed ; for though she would speak of her own sentiments and actions without fear, she would not implicate another, only saying she had done "nothing but what was just and right in the sight of God."

Thus they suffered from time to time. Many persons came to see them who were touched by the truths which they used every opportunity for spreading, and their cases excited much interest, as they were now becoming widely known. An Englishman,

the master of a vessel which came from Plymouth, left money to be forwarded by the consul, which was first offered to Catherine, who refused to take it; then to Sarah, who was equally unwilling to receive it.

Catherine said she valued the love and compassion which sent it, but she was living by faith. And when the consul asked what she would do, as she would receive no money, she answered: "The Lord is my portion, thus I cannot want any good thing." Sarah said she did not want the money, but if he had a letter for her she would receive that. He had no letter, but offered to get what else she needed, and she replied in the same spirit that Catherine did: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want for any good thing; but I do long for my freedom."

Their supply of money was failing, and as they did not feel at liberty to eat prison food or to accept from other persons, they gradually eat less and less until they became very feeble. They sometimes fasted for several days together, until the monks said, "It is not possible for people to live upon so little." They were so weak at this time that they could not dress or undress, nor could they make their own beds. You may notice all through this narrative that always, when possible, they waited upon themselves, or one waited on the other; in no way identifying themselves with the other prisoners, or allowing it was right they should be subject to the inquisition. Sarah thought herself dying, and de-

sired to be once more in the presence of her friend ; but this request was not granted, though the lord inquisitor said that she or Catherine might have anything either wanted to eat. The poor hungry women sent word that it was not in their own wills they fasted, and they must wait to know the mind of the Lord, what he would have them to do. In this extremity Catherine poured out her spirit in supplication to the Lord, that he might be pleased to put an end to their trials whatever way might seem good in his sight. In answer she seemed to hear a voice—a heavenly voice—which said, “You shall not die.”

Refreshed with joy and comfort at this manifestation, they felt at liberty to eat such food as they received from the prison, yet exercising great care that they might not be led inadvertently to do wrong, their feeling being that they should not eat that which they had not paid for in work or money. Sarah had worked for others in the house beside Catherine. The kindness of the lord inquisitor lasted but a few days, after which they were again so “straitened” by the want of food that the monks thought they were kept alive by a miraculous power in order that they might become Catholics.

Between these two devoted and loving women were five doors with locks and bolts, yet Sarah often found an opportunity, either by the carelessness of those in charge, or their connivance, perhaps, to

come where she could see Catherine ; and no matter how closely she was watched, she often managed to get to Catherine's door at night. Once she was discovered and locked up ; but not long after the doors were again open, so that they could see each other through a long range of rooms.

They were not forgotten by the many Englishmen who came to Malta, some of whom endeavored to obtain their release. The magistrates, however, so far relaxed from their severities—probably in consequence of the entreaties of their countrymen—that they granted permission for them to write to their friends, and furnished the necessary materials.

Their letters are tenderly affectionate. Catherine writes to her family, commencing thus :

“For the hands of John Evans, my right dear and precious husband, with my tender-hearted children, who are more dear and precious to me than the apple of mine eye.” After addressing her husband in the most endearing terms, lavishing epithets of affection upon him, she goes on : “Most dear and faithful husband, friend and brother, I have unity and fellowship with thee day and night, to my great refreshment and continual comfort : praises, praises be given to our God for evermore, who joined us together in that which neither sea nor land can separate or divide. My dear heart, my soul doth dearly salute thee, with my dear and precious children, which are dear and precious in the sight of the Lord, to thy endless joy and my everlasting comfort.



Glory be to our God eternally, who hath called you with a holy calling and hath caused his beauty to shine upon you in this the day of his power, wherein he is making up his jewels, and binding up his faithful ones in the bond of everlasting love and salvation, among whom he hath numbered you of his own free grace." Her letters, though so precious to her husband and children—almost 'as precious as those from the dear ones we have lost by death would be to us—might not be interesting to you, my little readers ; but I may tell you there are no complaints of the terrible sufferings they are passing through : for these are sufferings of the body only, and are not to be compared with the consolations of the Spirit which accompany them. I will copy a little more ; for you know she must have had a great deal to say to the husband and the dear children that she had not seen for so many years, and thought of every day of her life. I should have liked to have seen the little ones with their earnest eyes raised to their father's face while he read their long-lost mother's letter.

"My dear hearts, the promises of the Lord are large, and are all '*yea*,' and '*amen*,' to those who fear his name ; he will comfort the mourners in Zion, and will cause the heavy-hearted in Jerusalem to rejoice, because of the glad tidings. They that do bear the cross with patience, shall wear the cross with joy ; for it is through long suffering and patient waiting the crown of life and immortality comes to be obtained. The Lord hath exercised my patience

and tried me to the uttermost, to his praise and my eternal comfort. In my deepest affliction, when I looked for every breath to be the last, I could not wish I had not come over the sea ; because I knew it was my eternal Father's will to prove me, with my dear and faithful friend. In all afflictions and miseries the Lord remembered mercy and did not leave nor forsake us, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail us, but caused the sweet drops of his mercy to distil upon us, and the brightness of his glorious countenance to shine into our hearts. O, how may I set forth the fulness of God's love to our souls ; no tongue can express it ; no heart can conceive it ; no mind comprehend it. O, the refreshment, the rapture, the glorious bright-shining countenance of our Lord God, who is our fulness in emptiness ; our strength in weakness ; our health in sickness ; our life in death ; our joy in sorrow ; our peace in disquietude ; our praise in heaviness ; our power in all needs and necessities. He alone is a full God unto us, and to all that can trust him, who hath wholly built us upon the sure foundation, the Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus, the light of the world, where the swelling seas, nor raging, foaming waves, nor stormy winds, though they beat vehemently, can be able to remove us. Glory, honor and praise is to our God forever. He did nourish our souls with the choicest of his mercies, and did feed our bodies with his good creatures, and relieve all our necessities in full measure. Praises, praises be to him alone, who is

our everlasting portion, our confidence, and our rejoicing ; whom we serve acceptably with reverence and godly fear. Oh, my dear husband and precious children, you may feel the issues of love and light which stream forth as a river to every one of you, from a heart that is wholly joined to the Fountain. My prayers are for you day and night without ceasing, beseeching the Lord God of power to pour down his tender mercies upon you, and to keep you in his fear, to increase your faith, to confirm you in all righteousness, to strengthen you in believing in the name of the Lord God Almighty, that you may be established as Mount Zion that can never be moved. Keep yourselves unspotted from the world ; love one another with a pure heart fervently ; serve one another in love ; build up one another in the eternal, and bear one another's burdens : and so fulfill the law of God. Dear hearts, I do commit you to the hands of the Almighty who dwelleth on high, and to the word of his grace in you, who is able to build you up to everlasting life and eternal salvation."

This was written in the inquisition, at Malta, in the Tenth month in 1661.

Sarah Cheevers was no less affectionate, and no less devoted to the truth, perhaps, but Catherine seems to have had a superior education ; Sarah, however, writes very well :

"I cannot by pen and paper set forth the large love of God in fulfilling his gracious promises to me

in the wilderness: being put into prison for God's truth, there to remain all the days of my life, being searched, tried, and examined upon pain of death, among the enemies of God and his truth; standing in jeopardy of my life, until the Lord had subdued and brought them under his mighty power and made them feed us and willing to give us money and clothes. But the Lord did deck our table richly in the wilderness," etc.

In a letter to a friend, Catherine says, "The time is too little for me to disclose the twentieth part of the terrible trials; but whensoever we were brought into any trial, the Lord did take away all fear from us, and multiplied our strength, and gave us power and boldness to plead for the truth of the Lord Jesus, and gave us wisdom of words to stop the gain-sayers, who would tell us, 'we had not the true faith, though we might have all the virtues.' Dearly beloved, pray for us, that we fall not nor fail, whereby our enemies will have any advantage to rejoice and say, 'They served a God who could not save them, and called upon a God who could not deliver them.' We do beseech thee to tell all our dear friends, fathers and elders, the pillars of the spiritual building, with all the rest of our Christian brethren, that we do desire their prayers, for we have need of them."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### REJOICING IN BONDS.

THE Friends in England made many endeavors to procure their liberty. The consul who had been accessory to their imprisonment was dead, and another had been appointed to take his place, who, with the captain of a ship, Francis Stewart, endeavored to obtain their release. By this time it was not in the power of the authorities on the island to grant this—at least they said so—and an order must come from the Pope, which of course involved a long delay.

Catherine and Sarah were brought before the council and asked if they were willing to go back to England: they replied, “Yes, if it were the will of God we might.” Captain Stewart, who was present, was so affected by the patience and simple, calm endurance of these worn and wasted women, that the tears came into his eyes when he was obliged to tell them that all his endeavors to obtain their freedom were in vain. “It is the inquisition that will not let you go free,” he said. “You have preached among the people.” He had offered to take them home in his own vessel and at his own



expense, but the inquisitors had no mind to let them go. He offered them money for their private use, which, as usual, they refused to take. They related to him their sad tale of imprisonment and suffering, adding, "We cannot change our minds though they burn us to ashes." The friar drawing near, told the captain they would not work. This was not true, for they did work for themselves and others too; but they reminded the friar that their work and business lay in England, to which place they would like to return. He admitted the fact; but nevertheless, "though they had suffered long enough, and too long, they must wait until an order for their release came from the Pope." The captain, who saw in this evasion, a determination not to allow them to accompany him, prayed that the Lord might comfort them, since he could do nothing more; while they, with feelings of deep gratitude towards the kind stranger who was periling his own life and freedom in their behalf, prayed the Lord to bless and preserve him unto everlasting life, and never let him go without a blessing for his love. He had no sooner left them than the inquisitor came up with the appearance of great indignation, and they found themselves treated worse than before, being ordered into close confinement. The taking away of their lives was again spoken of, and their doors were shut up for many weeks. The inquisitor came occasionally to the part of the tower where they were confined. Sarah called to him and desired the door to be

opened for them to go down into the court to wash their clothes. He then ordered the door to be set open once a week, and not long after it was open every day. Once when the inquisitor was there she said to him: "If we are the Pope's prisoners send us to the Pope; we appeal to him." But the desire of the friars and monks was to make them submit to *them* as well as to the Pope. In this close imprisonment Catherine composed many little pieces, which were taken possession of by the monks and never returned. Some few of them found their way to England, one of which I copy. This she "joyfully sung" when she went to the well in the court-yard, where other poor prisoners could hear her. These prisoners were not accustomed to the use of cold water like Catherine and Sarah were, and when they saw them using it so freely in washing their head and clothes, and in drinking, would call out to them that they would kill themselves. There is not much poetical ability displayed in these strains; but they show a sweet, contented state of mind, joyfully accepting all things as from a Father's hand, which is far better and more to be desired.

All praise to him who hath not put nor cast me out of mind,  
Nor yet his mercy from me shut, as I could ever find.

Infinite glory, laud, and praise be given to his name,  
Who hath made known in these our days his strength and noble  
fame.

Oh! none is like unto the Lamb, whose beauty shineth bright.  
Oh! glorify his holy name, his majesty and might.

My soul, praise thou the only God, a fountain pure and clear,  
Whose crystal streams spread all around and cleanseth far and  
near.

The well-springs of eternity which are so pure and sweet  
And do arise continually my Bridegroom for to meet.

My sweet and dear beloved one, whose voice is more to me  
Than all the glories of the earth or treasures I can see.

He is the glory of my life, my joy and my delight;  
Within the bosom of his love he clasped me day and night.

My soul, praise thou the Lord, I say; praise him with joy and  
peace.  
Spirit and mind, both day and night, praise him and never  
cease.

Oh! magnify his majesty, his fame, and his renown,  
Whose dwelling is in Zion high, the glory of his crown.

Oh! praises, praises to our God; sing praises to our King.  
Oh! teach the people all abroad his praises for to sing.

A Zion song of glory bright that doth shine out so clear.  
Oh! manifest it in the sight of nations far and near.

That God may have his glory due, his honor and his fame,  
And all his saints may sing Amen, the glories of his name.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A GLIMPSE OF HOME.

THE imprisonment was severe and the suffering great ; but there was a spiritual enjoyment, particularly with Catherine, which lifted her feelings above distress. She says that her joy and consolations were such, at times, that she was afraid to say anything or to speak one word, and that her own will was made so submissive that when she felt that she might ask and receive what she asked for, she could only say, "I desire nothing of the Lord but what shall be to his glory, whether it be liberty or bondage, life or death."

We all desire to be happy. There are different kinds of happiness, and those persons who strive for the best must put away all selfishness and be ready to *be* anything or nothing, to *do* anything or nothing, just as the Lord wills. Some really do get into this state ; their hearts are filled with love, all fear is taken from them ; they like to live, they like to die. They are not afraid of anything which may happen. And this is the consolation which Catherine experienced. She was separated from her husband and children ; she was half starved ; she was in a hot and

filthy jail; she was among cruel people who said many evil things to her; she was in constant expectation of being led to the stake to die a painful death. But all was made easy for her, and she says she could ask for nothing, she desired nothing, because she loved her Heavenly Father so much, and felt his presence always near her.

The reason why *we* do not attain this happy state is because we are not willing to *begin* by trying to do right in every *little* thing. If we do we shall be told more and more until we become like Catherine or like Daniel in the lion's den. God *can* take care of us everywhere, and *will* take care of us everywhere, if we obey him in every little particular; and he will teach us more and more until we too are raised above freedom or bondage, life or death. We are not to suppose that these dear women were always in this state of ecstatic enjoyment. Oh, no! They were poor, frail human creatures just like us and as liable to temptation. Catherine shows a quiet wit which it must have been difficult to repress sometimes in the presence of her slower-minded judges.

It was hard to continue patient when the friars and monks were always importuning them to change their religion, or at least comply with this or that trivial observance or form. It was hard to be found fault with, whether they worked, whether they read, whether they wrote, or whether they preached.

Once when a friar reproached Catherine and



asked her why she did not work, instead of answering, she asked :

“And what work dost thou do?”

He said, “I write.”

She replied, “If thou wilt give me pen, ink, and paper I also will write.”

He did not wish her to work in that way, and reminded her that St. Paul did work at Rome, and that she, by knitting, might earn three half-pence per day.

She answered : “If we could have that privilege among you which Paul had at Rome under Cæsar, who was a heathen prince, we would have wrought and not have been chargeable to any ; for he lived in his own hired house for two years, preaching the gospel and doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

When the friar spoke thus to Catherine he well knew that she and Sarah did not spend their time idly ; they knit stockings and made garments and mended the clothes of other poor prisoners. Certainly they would not work for the friars, who did not need they should.

Sometimes the priests came into the room and, kneeling down, would try to persuade Catherine to follow their prayers, which of course she thought were prayers made in their own wills, upon which no blessing could rest. These persistent endeavors wearied her beyond measure, so that once she cried out, “It were better for me to die than to live thus !” Generally she was able to bear all with patience and

even cheerfulness. Once they told her that Sarah should be taken to Rome and she left at Malta. They told her this apparently with no intention other than of torturing her, as they knew that Catherine would lay down her life rather than be set at liberty to return to England without Sarah; but she had no means of knowing whether they told the truth or not.

When they had been in prison about three years, Daniel Baker, who was also a Friend, came to Malta on their account, and visited the inquisition in the hope of doing something towards obtaining their liberty; the inquisitors themselves giving reason for these hopes, which were never realized, and never intended to be realized. Some obstacle always appeared, some difficulty interposed, and the applicant became wearied by the never-failing ability of the monks to find something which stood in the way. The truth was, they did not intend to let the victims of their iron grasp free, on any conditions short of slavish and entire submission.

In the present case the inquisitors required that some English merchants, residents of Leghorn or Messina, should give a bond for four thousand dollars, to be paid if they—the women—ever returned to Malta after they were released. It is not likely that any English merchants, not of their own faith, would give that amount; and even if they were willing to do so, the women would in no way bind themselves. They said, “they did not know but the

Lord might some time require of them to do so." When Daniel found all these efforts in vain, he generously offered his own body to be imprisoned in place of theirs, or even his life in place of theirs; both offers were declined. In the meantime he found a way to have letters delivered to them, and writing himself, exhorted them to steadfastness, and at length he found means to speak to them. He learned that they came to the gates of the prison occasionally, and there he watched and waited until he saw the fair faces and the calm, resolute bearing of two noble-looking Englishwomen amid the crowd of swarthy Italians clustering around. He might not approach nearer, but he knew they must be the women he sought, and raising his voice addressed them in their own language. It was not likely the guards would understand, but if they did Daniel Baker cared not. How gratefully the accents of their mother tongue must have fallen upon their ears, as their friend called to them, "The whole body of God's elect, right dearly beloved, own your testimony, and ye are a sweet savor unto the Lord and to his people." One of the women said in return: "It is a trouble to us that we are not more serviceable." A short interchange of sentiment, to be sure; but the women had the unspeakable gratification of hearing they were not forgotten, but still lovingly remembered with prayers among their own people.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SET FREE.

ABOUT six months after Daniel Baker's visit, it seemed to be "borne in" upon Catherine's mind, that if she could speak to the inquisitor again, he would grant the liberty that Sarah and she so greatly desired. It was not long before the opportunity occurred. She was admitted to his presence, and pleaded her own cause and that of her friend—saying they had never wronged or defrauded any; but had suffered innocently, almost four years, for conscience' sake. The inquisitor answered them courteously, saying he would send for the consul and get him to engage that five hundred dollars should be paid on their account if they ever came again to Malta; and in case the consul refused to do this, he would send to Rome, to get the Pope to set them at liberty, without any obligation on their part.

A few days after this, the inquisitor, accompanied by his lieutenant, the chancellor, and others, came again; and after some discourse, asked if they would return to their husbands and children, if it were the will of God; to which they answered, such was their intention. The inquisitor then told them they

were released, and taking his leave of them, courteously wished them a prosperous return to their own country—his example being followed by the magistrates and the inferior officers of the prison ; no one of whom asked for fees ; yet these poor women, still having something of their own, bestowed it upon the keepers and upon some poor men whom they left in prison ; and so far were they from feeling any animosity towards those who had so bitterly persecuted them, that the first impulse after regaining their freedom was to kneel down and pray that this cruelty might never be laid to their charge, for they knew not how wrong it was.

You would like to know the means by which they were freed, would you not ? They had never been forgotten by their English Friends ; one of whom, George Fox, called to see Lord D'Aubigne on their behalf. This nobleman was a Catholic, but liberal in his views, and tolerant of those who differed from him. To him George Fox represented the cases of Catherine and Sarah ; and knowing that his influence was powerful, requested him to write to the magistrates in Malta, desiring their release. Lord D'Aubigne readily promised that he would do so, and added that if George would call at his house in about a month, he should hear of their discharge.

George went at the time appointed, but there had come no answer to the letter ; and D'Aubigne promised he would write again, which he did, to



such purpose that the captives were released unconditionally.

It may be as well to copy a sentence from a letter, written by one Friend to another, during the period these women were in prison: "I have this further to certify concerning the two women Friends, Catherine Evans and the other; that they are prisoners in the inquisition in Malta; for this morning we spoke with one Captain Harris, who was there, and endeavored very much to have them released, but to no purpose. He said they took shipping at Leghorn in a Dutch ship for Alexandria, and were put into Malta by contrary winds; where, going ashore, they dispersed some papers; and thereupon the officers of the inquisition laid hold on them and confined them, first to the consul's house, till they could hear from Rome, where they sent for an order what to do with them, which, when it came, was that they should be put into the prison of the inquisition and lie there till they die. At first they were put in together, but after some time they were separated. He saith, when he was there they had been eight or nine months separated, and neither knew whether the other was alive or not; but now he thinks they are together. He saith they have been there about twenty months. Captain Harris saith, that he himself did proffer to be bound in a five hundred pound bond, if they would release them and send them on board his ship; but they would not accept; he would engage that they should never

come within the Catholic dominions again. He made that offer unknown to the women, and he was not given the liberty of seeing them; but the consul (since dead) went in and saw them. They were knitting, and he saw them have bread and water allowed them. He said he did believe they were in much want, though they said they were pretty well and contented, and wished him not to be troubled about them. At present there seems little likelihood of their releasement."

When delivered from the prison, Catherine and Sarah were taken to the house of the consul, where they stayed eleven weeks before they could get a passage home. While there, Catherine became impressed with the feeling that fearful calamities would fall upon Malta if she persisted in her iniquitous course; and that repentance would still avail to avert the judgment. She wrote to the authorities, the grand-master and the governor; but the consul was much displeased with the letter, and threatened Catherine with another imprisonment. He had reason to change his opinion; for a short time after, there came a "terrible storm in which there was great thunder and lightning, which set on fire and blew up one of the powder-houses about a mile out of the city, and another powder-house was thrown down." In the city, houses were overthrown, glass windows in palaces broken, the doors lifted off of their hinges, etc. At the foot of the bed where these women lay, was a glass window which was blown in, but they

received no hurt. The house was shaken by the force of the wind ; but “being given up to live or to die, their fear was soon taken from them and turned into joy in the Lord.” They were so still and quiet, that when the consul came to their room in order to see after them, he did not know whether they were alive. While he was speaking, others came in to tell of the destruction in the city ; even the ships in the harbor had not escaped. Some days after this, Sarah had a similar impression, and spoke to the consul, who conveyed her message (similar to that of Catherine) to the magistrates, who admitted that “the women had a good intent, but were deceived.” They appealed to their conduct hitherto—“was it likely that persons who lived as they did, could be deceived in this?” The message was unwelcome ; magistrate and monk alike turned from it ; but the prediction came true, for punishment inevitably follows wilful sin.

At length they were able to bid farewell to the island, upon whose shores they had landed so unwillingly, and where they did indeed drink of a “dreadful cup,” as Catherine had foreseen. The *Sapphire*, a vessel commanded by Captain Titswell, took them on board, in company with some knights of Malta, among whom was a brother of one of the inquisitors who had had them so long in charge. He seems to have been a kind man, for he spoke to the captain with regard to making the women comfortable ; and probably became somewhat better ac-

quainted with their views and opinions, for he told them, if they ever came to Malta again, they should not be persecuted; observing to the captain, "If they go to Heaven one way and we another, we shall all meet at last." A singular remark from a Catholic, and a singular remark for these times of bigotry and hatred.

Arriving at Leghorn, they received great kindness from the English merchants there, who sent wine and other refreshments; and who offered money, also, but the last they were unwilling to accept. From thence they came to Tangier, which belonged to the king of England, as the marriage portion of his wife, Catherine of Braganza, daughter of the king of Portugal. The place was besieged by the Moors, yet Catherine and Sarah entered the town, and "many people came flocking to the house where they lodged," whom they boldly exhorted to depart from wickedness. They also went to the governor, who took their admonitions in good part, and promised to follow their counsel. He, too, would have given them money, but they would not accept it. He commanded that none of the garrison should abuse them by word or deed, on pain of severe punishment, though some were ready enough to do so, probably the lower order of the Catholic population.

They were inclined to go to the Moors; but this the governor would not permit, telling them they must expect nothing from that savage people but bonds or a cruel death. They were not afraid, for

they believed the Lord would still preserve them as he had hitherto done. When they were thus prevented, however, they believed the Lord had accepted the will, instead of the deed.

By this time their reputation as holy women was so great, that several persons took shipping with them from a belief that on their account the passage would be safe. They met with storms and tempests, but at last landed on the English shores, there to meet the husbands and children from whom they had parted so many years ago.





## CHAPTER XX.

### THE CHILDREN ARE FAITHFUL.

YOU will think, perhaps, that the trials and troubles of these women were over, and that here in their own native country they could meet together, and worship according to their own consciences, in peace, with none to molest or make them afraid. It may have been so with Sarah Cheevers, of whom we have no further record. The name of Catherine Evans occurs among those of the women of Bristol who were taken from a religious meeting held there, and thrown into prison. The account runs thus :

“After most of the men at Bristol, who were called Quakers, had been shut up in prison, the women who continued to keep up the meetings were also seized, so that at length few, but the children who had remained with the servants in the houses of their parents, were left free. Among these women, Catherine Evans is mentioned. And her children, taught by the unfaltering resolution of their mother, were probably among that little band, all under sixteen years of age, who met to worship in public, while the parents suffered in prison. The children kept up the religious meetings as much as lay in their

power. It is true they, as minors, were not within the reach of the law, which carried the parents away from their homes, and threw them into dungeons and gloomy cells; but if they had been, they had the spirit of martyrs, and would have borne pain and privation as bravely as their fathers and mothers. Nineteen of them were taken to the house of correction in defiance of law, kept there for some time, and threatened with whipping if they returned to the meeting. They, like their parents, were undismayed; and though they suffered exceedingly from the cruel and wicked rabble, when the law should have protected their tender years, they continued to keep up their meetings; and taking no notice of the insolence and reproach which they constantly received, they continued steadfast to the faith, as became the "children of light."

Catherine Evans was imprisoned several times in England—continuing faithful through all her trials and sufferings. She died in 1692; or rather, she entered into that life of which St. John says, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### CHARLEY'S HOME.

THE winter was almost over, and Mary Stewart was now occupied in preparing for her own home. Her friend, Charles Hilton, was a farmer, owning the place upon which he lived. It had been in the occupancy of the Hilton family for more than a hundred years ; its fertile fields, its even, well-kept hedges, denoting careful cultivation. The ground was rolling, and on the top of a hill stood the mansion house, fronting south ; much of the material of which it was built was brought from England, and there was still on the staircase a small window, the panes of which were set in lead. An ample lawn sloped away towards a rich meadow. On the north side was a piazza running the whole length of the house, and a few steps from it, a never-failing spring of the most delicious water gushed into a trough placed for that purpose. Great trees grew all around except towards the south, and there lay the garden in the full light of the sun. The barn was beyond the garden ; the road passing around the latter led from the highway to the out-house. There were acres upon acres of woodland on this old place ; tall

trees that were there when the Indian stealthily trod the war-path, and, below their green leaves, the brooks, at which the savage braves had stopped to slake their thirst, still ran merrily on. The bear and the wolf had long since disappeared, and the wild deer had forsaken his haunts; but opossums, raccoons, foxes and rabbits were still to be found. A short distance from the house was an immense spreading white oak, its branches each as large as an ordinary tree. Immense as it was, an enormous grape-vine threw its luxuriant arms around and covered it with the most delicious fruit. Edward Hilton's grandfather remembered it as a great tree when he was a boy, and that people used to come in their carts from miles around to get the grapes, which were small and sweet.

In the eyes of the little girls, the garden was the crowning glory of the place. The mother of Charles Hilton had been very fond of flowers, and Charles, though he knew little about them, kept them in some kind of order for her sake, whom he had lost two years ago.

He had taken all four, Rebecca, Jane, Lizzie, and Patty, to spend a day the preceding summer, and they were never tired of talking about the evergreen box bush standing near the gate, and large enough to fill a room, and of the red velvet-rose, the white rose, and the large damask rose, scenting the air with perfume, the snow-ball bush, which was just out in bloom, the peony, the white lily, the johnny-jump-

ups, the bachelor's buttons, and the mourning widow. They were too late to see the great bed of tulips and hyacinths, which Charles described to them, and which they were sure must be "splendid" when all in bloom together.

Charles seemed to be easily adopted by all of Mary's family; he had been acquainted with them ever since he could remember, having visited at the house with his mother, when he was no larger than Elly. Mary's mother had been "bridemaïd" to his own mother. Charles was an especial favorite with Elly, who knew him better than he did either of his three absent brothers, and felt on terms of equality with him, as well as friendship. He would climb into "Charley's" lap, and rummage pockets that were not often empty: there was a never-failing supply of apples, round and rosy as Elly's own cheeks, and often a piece of white sugar, smuggled in, because Mary Stewart did not like her little boy to eat the colored candies so temptingly displayed in tall glass jars at the village confectioner's. Charley compromised the matter for his little friend, who was never rude, and generally obeyed at once, if desired to do anything. He never suspected that this friend who so kindly brought apples and sugar, and told him such beautiful stories about cows and sheep, intended taking away his sister. The girls all knew, and had quite brought their minds to it, every one of them thinking how delightful it would be to have two homes, and Charles for a brother—a



brother who would stay at home with them, and allow them to see for themselves the wonderful horses, cows, sheep, the old dog "Sappho," and the young dog "Neptune," and some day they might even see a wood-chuck looking out of his hole.

One reason why Charles was so fascinating to the children was, that he was something of a naturalist, and his habits of close observation enabled him to detect any peculiarity at once, so that he knew and was interested in the traits of the domestic animals, and could describe the character of each. Thus, he told the children, that when a new cow is purchased, she is obliged to take rank according to her courage and ability, as the old cows will fight her in succession until she falls into her proper place. It sometimes takes a series of battles, before they decide to which the supremacy or leadership of the herd belongs.

He told them of "Primrose," a dark red cow, who would not upon any consideration allow another to precede her as they walked into the barn-yard. She ran past the gate again and again instead of entering; he called to the boy who was driving her to turn "Blossy" out (she had remained in on account of indisposition), which being done, "Primrose," only stopping to give "Blossy" a little hitch with her horn as she went by, walked in immediately. You see she was proud, would not "walk behind." How much that is like some of us! One

of his stories was about two hens, sisters, and intimate friends. They could not and would not be separated. If you saw one, you might look for the other: it would be sure to be close by. They rambled over the farm and took their walks and meals together. At length they wanted to set, and, in consideration of their feelings, a long box was provided with a nest full of eggs at each end. This arrangement suited them exactly, and they amicably took possession. They hatched their chickens at the same time; but maternal love proved too strong for friendship, and they started off in different directions to scratch for their broods, after which they never seemed to care for each other.

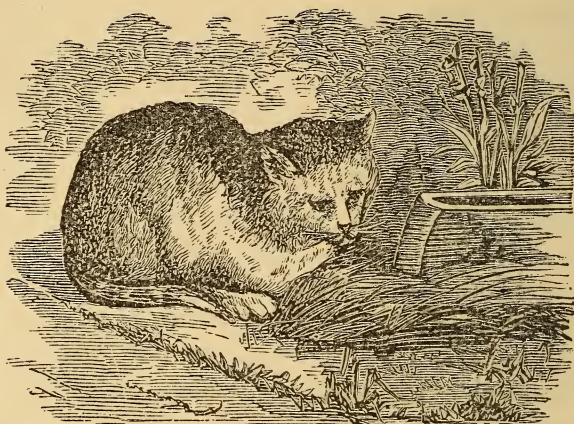
"Didn't they, after the little chickens grew up?" asked Patty.

"I am afraid not," replied Charles.

And Patty stopped to think a while, then raised her eyes.

"I *would* like to see 'Primrose' and the two hens."

She asked Charles if there were any kittens at his house; he could not help being amused with her earnest face and tone, by which it was evident she attached a good deal of importance to the answer. He gravely replied, however, that he was glad to say he had two very fine cats, named "Castor" and "Pollux," twins, and black, so black that he could scarcely distinguish one from the other, only he thought the little white spot on the bosom of "Cas-



tor" was rather larger than that on the bosom of "Pollux," and that Aunt Betsy (the cook, who had lived with his mother, and since her death, with him) said they were "proper, nice cats," and he had no doubt they were.

"I'm glad of that," said Patty. "If I was shut up in prison, like Catherine Evans and Sarah Cheevers, I should like to have some kittens to play with. I wonder whether the man with the black rod would let me."

Charles thought Patty was getting out of her depth, and turned the conversation by asking about her lessons, and she informed him that she had got as far as the "Lamb,"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MONTHLY MEETINGS.

YOU know we have monthly meetings, but perhaps all do not know their object, nor how they originated.

They were established in the early days of our society—many of them, by George Fox, in 1666. The Friends', oppressed by enemies without, and often injured by the injudicious partisanship of men of unsound principles within, organized themselves into a body, the better to assist each other, and, as the discipline expresses it, "also for the exercise of a tender care over each other, that all may be preserved in unity of faith and practice," answerable to the description which he, the ever-blessed Shepherd, gave of his flock: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

The "*Monthly Meeting*" is the executive branch of this body, transacting most of the business. It may have one "Preparative" meeting (that is, a meeting to prepare and present the business), or it may have several belonging to it, according to the demands of the neighborhood. The "*Monthly Meeting*" takes cognizance of marriages, births and

deaths, keeping accurate accounts of each; of the moral obligations of its members; and of a due observance of what are called the "Testimonies" of Friends. It is also, or ought to be, the guardian of the helpless, the afflicted, and the orphans. The women have an apartment of their own, where they transact their business independently, referring to the men as the head of the body where united action is necessary.

Charles Hilton and Mary Stewart belonged to the same monthly meeting, before which they proceeded to lay their intentions of marriage with each other in the following manner: The usual business having been transacted, both meetings were notified there was a "presentation of marriage" on the table, and a man was sent into the women's apartment to see if they were ready to receive it. The answer was affirmative, and Mary Stewart walked up to the gallery, accompanied by a few of her young friends, and took her seat by her mother, who was already there, leaving room by her side for Charles and whoever might accompany him. There was silence for a few minutes, broken only by the sound of men's feet on the other side of the partition which separated the two apartments. The door slowly opened, and Charles, accompanied by his uncle, David Hilton, an old man with white hair, entered and took his seat beside Mary. Another silence so intense that a pin was heard to fall, and every eye in the meeting was fastened on the young couple. Charles



and Mary arose, and Charles taking Mary's trembling hand in his firm grasp, said, in a clear manly voice, "With Divine permission and Friends' approbation, I intend marriage with Mary Stewart;" then Mary, in a lower voice, but still clear and distinct, repeated the same form of words, "With Divine permission and Friends' approbation, I intend marriage with Charles Hilton." They sat down quietly and all again was silent. After a short interval, Charles and Mary, Mary's mother and "Uncle David," rose and went into the men's meeting, where they declared their intentions in the same manner. The men escorted the women back to their meeting and returned to their own, where they resumed their seats and the business went on.

This was now to appoint "some suitable Friends to inquire into the clearness" of the young people from similar engagements, and to see there was no just cause that the marriage should not take place.

It was not likely that a young man and young woman brought up and educated as Charles Hilton and Mary Stewart had been, earnest and true, knowing each other, and each other's surroundings so well, should need supervision or advice, more than they already received; but the rules of discipline are for all and do not bear hardly upon any. They are intended particularly for the benefit of those who have not had the same advantages, and the meeting only desires to exercise the authority and tender care of a parent towards his children in endeavoring

to discourage connections which are unsuitable and likely to lead to unhappiness.

That this authority and care have been useful, no one can doubt who has studied the records of our society, which testify that the pure and real affection among its married members is not exceeded by that of any other.

On the present occasion, David Hilton, the uncle who accompanied Charles, and Joseph Dunhower were appointed on the part of the men; Elizabeth Tudor and Grace Sidney on the part of the women.

These friends were invited to dine at the house of Ellwood Stewart, in company with others, among whom were the young women who sat by Mary at meeting, and were expected to officiate as bridesmaids, and their duties commenced immediately. So that you may be sure there was a merry bustle in the house for some weeks. Charles's house was well supplied already; but Mary thought she would like to furnish two or three rooms according to her own fancy, and these were still to be arranged.

The linens, of which an ample store was always kept in the house of a "well-to-do" Friend, were spun, woven, and bleached years before, and now were all ready. Table-cloths, napkins, sheets, and pillow cases reposed in snowy whiteness in the drawers of an old-fashioned bureau or case which reached almost from floor to ceiling. Mary remembered well when she could only reach the "little drawer" by standing on tip-toe. The coverlets,

made of small pieces of calico or silk of different patterns, were quilted, and everything that could be finished was duly attended to and put in order beforehand. But the wedding-dresses were to be made, the invitations consulted over, written and issued, the dinner planned and provided for, and cakes of various kinds were to be made. The guests, friends of the family, were arriving and departing—so that a pleasant bustle was apparent nearly all the time, and Mary had no more leisure for turning over the leaves of the old books.

I cannot describe the wedding presents by reason of there being none to describe, except a large Bible, handsomely bound, presented to Mary by David Hilton.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A NEW HOME.

AT the next monthly meeting, the clerks read the “minutes” of the last, pausing after each, and when a reply was needed sitting down so as to allow an opportunity for its being made. In the men’s meeting the clerk read thus :

“Charles Hilton and Mary Stewart having laid their intentions of marriage with each other before this meeting, and having the consent of surviving parents, Daniel Hilton and Joseph Dunhower are appointed to make the usual inquiries with regard to the clearness of the young man from similar engagements, and report to the next meeting.” The clerk then sat down, and Joseph Dunhower rising, said, “We have made some inquiry and see nothing to obstruct.”

Then the clerk stood upon his feet again, and said, “Will the meeting name some Friends to have the oversight of this marriage?”

Another pause, and then another voice was heard,

“I was thinking the same Friends might be continued ;” there was no dissent from this, and the same Friends were “continued.”

In the women's meeting, the minute was gone through with in the same way. Elizabeth Tudor and Grace Sidney gave the same report of Mary; that they saw nothing in the way of her proceeding in marriage with Charles Hilton; and they were both appointed to oversee the marriage, to which they had already received invitations, written on small cards with embossed borders—the writing small, too, but very neat.

MARY STEWART *and* CHARLES HILTON  
*request the company of* HENRY TUDOR *and*  
*wife, to dine at* ELLWOOD STEWART'S, *on*  
*5th day, 4th month, 23d, 18—.*

At that time, the country was not very thickly settled, and families lived at a distance from each other and from the meeting-house. It was the custom to send a card of invitation to a young man, and with it, one for him to carry to a young woman. When he gave it to her he was expected to ask if she would accept his escort, and if she answered in the affirmative, it was his duty to provide a suitable conveyance and take charge of her whenever necessary during the time of the wedding festivities, which might, and often did, last several days.

The 23d of the 4th month had come. The morning was clear and bright, and all were awake early. The rooms had been prepared the day before, but the weather was just cool enough to render a blazing fire upon the hearth comfortable. It looked so cheerful, too. After breakfast Mary retired to her



own chamber, where her mother, her sisters and her bridesmaids called upon her very often ; the little girls, particularly, who could not tie a ribbon without consulting her. Sarah, the sister next her in years, had only returned from school after a long absence. She sat prim and dignified, feeling so shy that she scarcely knew how to take her proper place in her father's house. She had never attended a wedding before, and was afraid of saying or doing something that would not be considered exactly right in the eyes of her young associates. She was growing very fast, and the poor child felt scarcely accustomed to her own size. Elly did not even know her. This state of things was soon remedied, as she was not sent back, but remained at home to grow into the place of her oldest sister.

About eight o'clock the guests began to arrive. Some of them lived at such a distance that they wished to change their dresses for something more suitable for the occasion.

For this purpose they went into a warm room appropriated to their use, and in a few minutes it was full of chat, with many little peals of laughter half subdued, for this going to meeting and saying the solemn words in a large assembly was a serious matter even to their light hearts, and one after another declared she "never would be married by meeting," and she "never could stand up before so many people," and that she "never could get the words out of her mouth." But I may as well men-

tion that most of them lived to change their minds, and when the time came felt themselves duly prepared, while their bridemaids and young companions in turn declared they "couldn't" and "wouldn't," after which they generally *did*.

The description of the bride's dress will answer for all her attendants and maiden friends, who, like herself, were very sweet and pretty to look at.

Mary wore a Canton crape of pearl color, delicate and pure. It was made with a narrow skirt and short waist, low in the neck, and finished off with a ruffle called a tucker. A small, thin India muslin cape was worn outside, through which the folds of the tucker were seen. The sleeves were short, and she wore long white kid gloves, which covered her arms. Her hair, soft and smooth, was covered with a cap assumed in token of matronly dignity, and over this a plain silk bonnet of the same delicate hue as her dress was worn. Her slippers were also light-colored, and as Charles handed her into the carriage he thought he had never seen a fairer woman, and wondered at his own happiness. As he drove off the others followed in quick succession—one gig rolling out after another, resplendent with shining fixtures, and drawn by the finest horses, the young men piquing themselves upon their handsome turn-outs. The father and mother, with the children, and some elderly Friends, had already gone on and were seated in the meeting-house when the wedding party arrived

Two or three colored men were there to take charge of the horses, and after the gigs had driven up and the company alighted, Charles, with Mary's hand on his arm, walked in the open door and along the aisle until he came to the front benches, where his uncle David and Mary's father and mother were sitting, on the lower bench of the gallery facing the meeting. Handing Mary to a seat next her mother, he sat down beside her. In the meantime the company, following in the same order, took their seats, the bridesmaids and groomsmen opposite the bride and groom, the rest on the benches behind the "waiters." The meeting became very still—almost painfully so to some of the younger members—only interrupted now and then by a sudden rustle as some inadvertent movement among the wedding guests startled the rest with the idea that the ceremony was about to begin. At last Charles taking Mary's hand, they rose and stood together. Charles then said the solemn words which bound their lives together:

"In the presence of the Lord and this assembly I take Mary Stewart to be my wife, promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto her a faithful and affectionate husband until death shall separate us."

Then Mary said, in a low, clear voice:

"In the presence of the Lord and this assembly I take Charles Hilton to be my husband, promising to be unto him a faithful and affectionate wife until death shall separate us."

This was all, and they were married. After they sat down there was a general rustle of relief, and silence again ensued, broken by an aged and tremulous voice, whose work was almost done, that spoke a few words of cheer, comfort, and encouragement to those who seemed to be just beginning life; ending with the words: "Once I was young and now am I old, but never have I seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Another pause; then two of the groomsmen went over to the side of the meeting-house and brought a small table which had been placed there for the purpose, and put it before the groom; the ink and the pen were also in readiness, and the newly-made husband signed his name to the marriage certificate spread before him—Charles Hilton; and immediately below that the wife signed hers—Mary Hilton. The table was set aside and the certificate of marriage read aloud by one of the Friends who had been previously asked to assist at the ceremony. It was then placed on the table again, in order that any one of the assembly might sign his or her name before it was taken home to Mary, to whom it would belong. The wedding company rose, the rest of the people present waiting until they had passed out; the horses were brought, and the merry procession made its way back to Ellwood Stewart's, where several tables were ready, covered with an ample supply of provisions for the many guests.

Would you like to know what they had for dinner

and supper? Well, they had turkeys, roast beef and chickens, with vegetables of different kinds. The butter was shaped into fanciful forms and decorated with the beautiful green leaves of curled parsley, which had been sown and nursed in the kitchen window for this very purpose. They had pies and custards without limit. Also tea and coffee, with the richest of cream to put in them. They had large pound cakes, made of fresh butter and fresh eggs, by the hands of the bridemaids, and small cakes of different varieties. They had loaves of fresh bread baked in the great oven, and muffins, waffles, and buns; "preserved" fruits, but no canned—it was before the time of canned fruits—nor had they any iced cream; but never having been accustomed to these luxuries, they did not miss them. And these good things were served upon dainty old china, *real* Chinese porcelain; the willow tree, the bridge, the runaway lovers on it, with the angry father pursuing, and the doves into which the lovers were turned, all pictured on every piece.

And one of the best things that happened was, that all the poor people of the neighborhood were invited and felt great freedom to go to "Miss Mary's wedding," where, after the first dinner was over, a table was set for them, and they ate and drank heartily, carrying home a goodly share to the old people and children who were not able to come, so that all rejoiced together.

The young people kept together for several days,



going with Mary to her new home and assisting in her little arrangements for its comfort. You may be sure they had amusement enough, though music and dancing were not looked upon favorably. Some among them had very sweet voices, and Burns was a great favorite, so that it was not to be expected they should always refrain from singing. "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon" was sometimes heard, but never when any one was likely to object; for in those days youth treated old age with reverence.

The older members of the party enjoyed themselves also. They recalled the incidents of their youth, relating many which happened in the days gone by, before the country was well settled. Some memories ran back to the "Revolution," when the "Friends" were exposed alike to the depredations of either party, and were thought entitled to the protection of none on account of their unwillingness to take up arms. Many of these "Friends" had conversational powers of a high order, cultivated by their manner of living. They had habits of close observation, and what they knew they knew thoroughly. They allowed themselves to be led by no man; the very form of their church discipline tending to this independence. Fond of reading, vigorous in expression, they had a quaint, racy fashion of speech that rendered their talk very agreeable. A knot of young people was always around them, and one could scarcely spend ten minutes in their company without

hearing something worth remembering. The very fact that they were driven in upon themselves, and repulsed by others, gave them a warmer and more unselfish love for each other, and one could scarcely help improving in a society that knew nothing of expediency when separated from right.

THE END.









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